



THE LITERARY DIGEST



PUBLIC OPINION (New York) combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST

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TOPICS OF THE DAY



THE REVOLT AGAINST DIAZ

FRANCESCO MADERO'S armed revolt against President Diaz, altho in the opinion of most of our editors foredoomed to failure from the start, is acknowledged by these same editors to have its serious side for us as well as for the Mexican dictator. This insurrection, says the *Chicago Tribune*, is "the most serious indication yet of the growing spirit of unrest and discontent in Mexico." "It casts a broad shadow," declares the *Boston Journal*, which sees in it "the forerunner of events of the utmost gravity both to the Mexican Republic and to the United States." The gravity for us consists in the danger to American capital invested in Mexico and the likelihood that Uncle Sam may have to intervene to restore order. *The Journal* reminds us that more than three-quarters of a billion in United States capital is invested in Mexico, and declares that "the feeling is evident in many quarters in this country that some day we are going to be forced by the pressure of events to extend our boundaries beyond the Rio Grande, whether we want to or not." Other papers do not go so far as this, but stop at the problem of what will happen when the iron hand of Diaz relaxes. "After Diaz, the deluge," seems to be the general fear. "It behooves American statesmanship to look ahead and be ready when the clock strikes," admonishes the *Chicago Inter Ocean*. The *New York Evening Post* thinks that political discontent in Mexico "is more marked to-day than at any time since Porfirio Diaz made himself perpetual President." The revolutionary outbreak, declares the same paper, "is a pretty severe reflection upon the methods of Diaz, and a sobering reminder of what may come after him." Apprehension is increased, remarks the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, by the fact that Dr. Ramon Corral, who as Vice-President would assume the Presidency on the death of Diaz, "was not the free choice of the people for the position to which he was elected." Says the *New York World*:

"A wiser and more enlightened ruler than Diaz, altho holding to his theories of a strong centralized government, would

have prepared for the future by instructing the people gradually in the real meaning of the word republic. To-day he is reaping the harvest of rebellion and civil strife which so many autocrats have gathered through blindness to the consequences of their acts and policies."

The *Brooklyn Standard Union*, however, thinks that we must take upon our own shoulders some of the blame if chaos breaks loose in the future:

"If agitation has made the country ripe for a formidable rebellion, it has been promoted largely within our borders. A New York newspaper man is now in jail for libeling the Government of Diaz. One of the most popular of the magazines has made repeated bitter attacks upon the whole political and financial system of that country. Minor agitators have been pursued in the United States by the Mexican Government, which has protested that revolutionists against a friendly state are harbored here. American capital is invested in Mexico in tremendous sums; Mexican hatred of the United States among the lower orders of people is based partly upon the belief that our capitalists are exploiting their resources."

Discussing our stake in the Mexican situation the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* reminds us that "more than half the foreign capital invested in Mexico belongs to Americans, and we have two-thirds of Mexico's foreign trade." Americans resident in Mexico number between 40,000 and 50,000. Says the *Baltimore American*:

"American money has been put into many forms of industry; even into agricultural development. Railroads have been mainly built through American capital; gold, silver, copper, and coal-mines have been rendered productive through costly outfits furnished by Americans. The Mexican oil industries, representing a capitalized value of over \$50,000,000, are mainly controlled by Americans. Cotton-mills costing millions of dollars have been built and equipped by American capital, and a single ranch owned by Americans is greater in area than the State of Maryland. Many costly Mexican irrigation plants have within the past ten years been financed by money from the United States."

Turning to the insurrection itself, many papers note that it followed so closely the anti-American demonstrations in certain



HE DARED DEFEY DIAZ,

And now is a fugitive, his estates confiscated, and his army dispersed. Francisco Madero tried to vault into the saddle of the Mexican Dictator, but found it still pretty firmly occupied.

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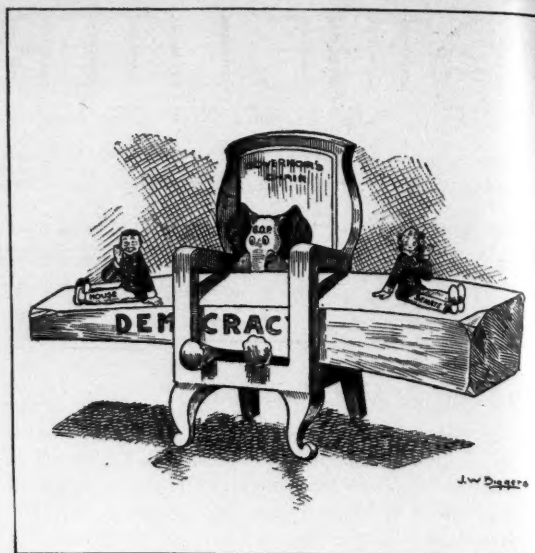
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COMING!
—Minor in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.



THE TENNESSEE SITUATION.
—Biggers in the Memphis Commercial Appeal.

REPUBLICAN DILEMMAS.

Mexican cities as to indicate some connection between the two. Thus the Cincinnati *Times-Star* suggests that the rioting against Americans had been planned by the opponents of Diaz as a blind to cover up their revolutionary plot. In any case, public attention was diverted from the Rodriguez controversy by a sudden clash on November 18 between Mexican police and revolutionists in Puebla, which brought prematurely into the open an uprising that was apparently scheduled for two days later. In spite of drastic measures on the Government's part, for a time the whole country seemed to be flaming with revolt. Dispatches told of outbreaks in widely separated districts, of towns and villages captured by the insurgents, and of battles in which the killed were numbered in hundreds. Close upon the heels of these dispatches, however, followed others telling of town after town recaptured by the forces of Diaz, declaring earlier reports exaggerated, and generally minimizing the outbreak. On November 23 Enrique C. Creel, Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs, telegraphed his Ambassador at Washington that "order has been reestablished in all the Republic with the exception of the district of Guerrero, in Chihuahua, where a faction of about 200 men are not yet completely reduced."

A manifesto dated October 5 and signed by Francisco Madero, the revolutionary leader, named November 20 as the date of the rising. This manifesto sets forth the fact that Madero, who attempted to run for President as opposition candidate to Diaz, was eliminated from the contest by being thrown into prison. The manifesto, as quoted in translation by a number of papers, goes on to say:

"In virtue of the above and as an echo of the national will, I declare herewith the past elections to be illegal and the Republic to be without lawful government and I assume provisionally the Presidency of the Republic until the people designate its rulers in conformity with the law. To attain this end it is necessary to remove from power the audacious usurpers."

Madero's brother, now in Washington, issues the following statement to the American people:

"Since the Government of General Diaz and its representatives in this country have endeavored and are still endeavoring to cause it to appear by statements given to the press that the revolutionary movement initiated by Don Francisco Madero on the 20th instant finds active and sympathetic support among the anti-American elements in Mexico, the confidential agent of the revolution in Washington authorizes an absolute, em-

phatic, and categorical denial of the statements referred to. The revolution is directed against the personal and despotic Government of General Diaz, the Dictator, and his oligarchy, by an outraged, betrayed, and plundered people, whose sole desire and purpose are to reestablish in Mexico a republican form of government, a government of law and order, such as is maintained in the United States. Meanwhile the rights and interests of American citizens as well as those of other nations in Mexico have been scrupulously respected by the forces of the revolution in accordance with the requirements of international law and modern usage."

In the December *American Magazine* (New York) an anonymous Mexican writer, whose feeling of revolt is said by the editors to be shared by all the intelligent classes in Mexico outside of the oligarchy in power, is quoted in part as follows:

"I accuse Porfirio Diaz of having afflicted the country, or of having encouraged his lieutenants and partners to afflict the country, with the pervading and serious crimes of graft and speculation. These crimes have not only reached the stage that always comes of an inveterate and vicious practise, but moreover those who practise them receive the flatteries and applause of a profoundly demoralized society."

"I accuse Porfirio Diaz of having encouraged and developed the Indian slave-trade, and my people of having suffered it."

"I accuse Porfirio Diaz of having sold us as the flock is sold, to divide the price with his partners. And my people of having suffered it without protestation."

"Yes, the loss of our nationality has already begun. We have lost the right to govern ourselves; because our country is invaded by foreign creditors, who have established a syndicate of which José Ives Limantour, the Secretary of the Treasury, is the agent, and Porfirio Diaz the legal executor. They do the will of these creditors. We are governed without, through the agency of traitors within."

"Everything is sacrificed to preserve this credit. It is necessary to maintain it at any risk and for that the people are sacrificed pitilessly and saddled with burdensome taxes, which, altho grave, are not so grave as the sacrifice of liberties and lives."

"It is not possible for them to give us back our liberties, because then we should be able to investigate the former actions performed by the Government and to disturb its business in the future, and that would lower the price of Mexican bonds and stocks."

"There is no hope, even a remote one, that they will allow the people to elect freely any officials, because that would lower the price of Mexican stocks and bonds."

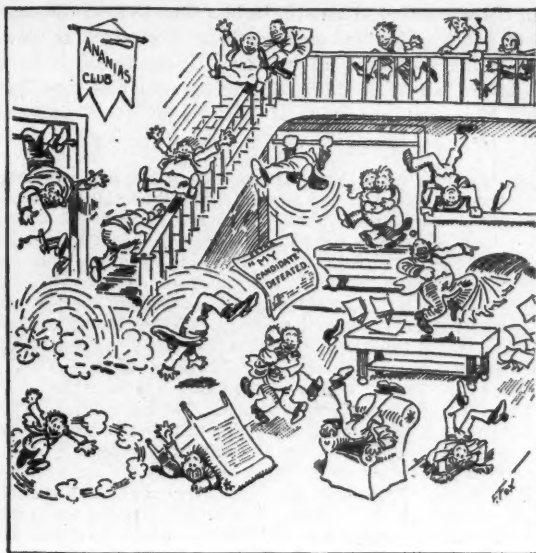
"It is impossible that they will consent to a free press, because a free press would exhibit all the wrongs committed by



THE WAKE.

Mr. Roosevelt says that "the fight has merely begun."

—Rehse in the St. Paul Pioneer Press.



WHEN THE NEW YORK RETURNS REACHED THE ANANIAS CLUB.

—Fox in the Chicago Evening Post.

RIVAL RESURRECTIONS.

the present administration, and that would lower the price of Mexican stocks and bonds.

"They must choke in blood every attempt at protest, to preserve the peace imposed by Porfirio Diaz, so as to avoid lowering the price of Mexican stocks and bonds."

"In Mexico honest and independent citizens are all outlaws because their actions lower the price of the Mexican stocks and bonds and prevent more of those foreign loans that are ruining the country; while the action of the real outlaws, the financial bandits who kill and plunder in the interest of the autocrat on the contrary sustain the high price of stocks and make possible more foreign loans."

LAST CHANCE FOR REPUBLICAN LAWMAKERS

AS THE approaching short session of the Sixty-first Congress will give the Republicans a brief control of the national legislation for three months before the Democrats come into power, some of the Washington correspondents are telling of elaborate schemes for taking the wind out of Democratic sails by doing all the necessary reforming and revising before the Democrats take hold. Certain editors are demanding immediate Congressional action upon such important matters as the parcels post, the wool schedules, ship subsidy, and currency reform. Indeed, ejaculates the New York *Commercial* (Com.), if this much-advised Congress does a one-hundredth part of the things that it is being urged to do during the short life now left to it, "the achievement will be a wonderful one." The Providence *Journal* (Ind.) sees little chance of any such bid for fame by these lawmakers; it takes them "several days to settle themselves comfortably at the Capitol, and, almost before they know it, it is time to adjourn for the Christmas recess." Therefore,

"Little serious business can be anticipated before the reassembling in January, from which time the day of final adjournment, March 4, is only about two months away.

"Of course Congress must pass the ordinary appropriation bills. These amount, roughly speaking, to a billion dollars. The Government must have the wherewithal to maintain itself, tho the heavens fall. But beyond these routine measures it will be difficult to enact any large legislative schemes. The President is said to be anxious to push through certain conservation laws, and he may be able to do so; but it can be only

by an approach to unanimous consent. There are abundant opportunities for filibustering at the present time. The Democrats will naturally be more aggressive than formerly, having received their recent mandate from the people; the Republicans, on the other hand, may be inclined to sit back and let their record stand practically as it is."

In another editorial utterance this Providence paper predicts that President Taft's message to Congress will recommend Federal charters for corporations carrying on interstate business, and also,

"The reform of our banking and currency system, the piecemeal revision of the tariff, reciprocity treaties with Canada, more conservation laws, a new government for Alaska, the issuance of injunctions without notice, but under wise safeguards, the authorization of limited traffic agreements among interstate railroads with the approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission, an extension of the existing railroad safety appliance statutes, ship subsidies, the amendment of the Anti-trust Law, greater economy in the executive departments of the Government, and the fortification of the Panama Canal."

The *Journal* does not believe that such an ambitious program can be carried out. Other papers are quite as sure that it will not even be attempted. Mr. Edward B. Clark writes from Washington to inform readers of the Chicago *Evening Post* (Ind.) that the President "will make only three specific legislative recommendations to Congress." This correspondent conjectures that he will recommend:

"Ship-subsidy legislation, the passage of an antiinjunction bill framed in the manner recommended in his word to Congress on the subject last December, and he will ask for Congressional action to make compulsory the use of life-saving appliances by corporations engaged in interstate commerce.

"The President will ask for some legislation of minor character, and he will discuss with an eye to the future some subjects of great national importance, but he has no thought of attempting to load Congress down in the days of the short session with a legislative burden impossible for it to carry to the point of passage."

Passing from prophecy to exhortation, we find the New York *Evening Mail* (Ind. Rep.) urging the party to crowd this session with accomplishment "for the sake of the general welfare and for its own sake in 1912." The Democrats may make a mess of things when they get the chance, admits *The Mail*;

"but if there be one thing still feeblar than Democratic capacity to get together and do something creditable, as viewed through the spectacles of partizan Republicans, it is the Republican 'strategy' of waiting for the other side to tie itself into a knot, and meanwhile of doing nothing." First of all, says this paper, "slash the wool schedule":

"On wools of the first and second class there are now duties of 11 and 12 cents a pound respectively, equivalent to an *ad valorem* rate of about 60 per cent., and on carpet wools there is a duty of 4 cents a pound. On washed wools the duty is doubled, on scoured wools it is trebled; and these enhanced rates constitute the 'joker' in the schedule. On woolen manufactures there is a rate representing the duty upon the raw product, plus a separate protective duty. The President has said, and the country thinks, that the rates in the woolen schedule, which are the Dingley rates retained, are too high.

"Before the bar of public opinion this schedule has no defenders. The President condemns it. We have searched the public utterances of Messrs. Aldrich and Payne in vain for any defense of it, or, indeed, for any adequate reference to it. There is, however, an explanation of it, and we have it from Mr. Taft himself. He said that the managers of the bill in the Senate and House reported that they could not get votes enough to put through the act if they cut the woolen duties. The fact is that the ancient treaty of alliance between the herders of the Rocky Mountain States and the manufacturers of the East, particularly of Massachusetts, again had the votes in Congress to enforce its will.

"That combination had the votes in the summer of 1909 and amid the unlimited opportunities for log-rolling offered by the circumstances of a general revision. Let the President see if it has the votes in the winter of 1910 and amid the restricted opportunities of a revision, one schedule at a time."

The cotton schedule, "equally iniquitous and unjust," should follow fast upon the wool schedule, declares the *New York American* (Ind.); and their revision will be a "first step in the reduction of the high cost of living." An obstacle to any such step, according to the *New York Journal of Commerce's* (Com.) Washington correspondence,

"is found by the Administration in the fact that it has committed the whole question of revision to the Tariff Board for report, and that it has practically undertaken not to try to do anything until it has some authoritative data showing where the changes should be made. This is raising in an acute way the question how soon the board can get into condition to report anything definite with reference to the question of events and changes therein. This question has been under discussion here for some time past, but the general view has been that the organization could hardly get into condition to say anything authoritative before December, 1911. . . .

"As for wool, even the best friends of the board hardly think it could finish the raw-wool investigation this winter, though they believe it could possibly do so if it should enlarge its force of agents, the inquiry being comparatively limited in scope. The application of the raw-wool results to the woolen schedule itself is a different matter, and there is at present only a remote prospect of any report on that subject within the next few months."

Altho some papers do not believe the matter will even be brought up, a Washington dispatch in the *Boston Transcript* (Ind. Rep.) says that Senator Aldrich will probably attempt to bring about at the coming short session of Congress the enactment of a currency-reform bill, and that one of its features will be the central-bank idea. The *New York Commercial* (Com.) demands that the Ballinger-Pinchot affair should be disposed of permanently, at the earliest possible moment. The *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* (Rep.), which is very certain that Mr. Taft's forthcoming message will ask for a larger appropriation and also for a larger scope of operations for the Tariff Board, believes that this will certainly be granted by the present Congress. However, it adds, "it is well for the country to be warned beforehand of the fate which the Democrats intend, in the Congress of 1911-13, to hand out to the commission of tariff experts."

PROHIBITION'S GAINS AND LOSSES IN THE ELECTION

HAPPILY for each, both liquor and temperance journals manage to extract comfort from the recent elections. Thus the Cincinnati *National Bulletin*, in behalf of the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association of America, thanks the public for its "vote of confidence," while *The American Issue*, an Anti-Saloon League organ published in Westerville, Ohio, declares that "in the recent battle of the ballots the trenches of the Liquor Trust are filled with the wounded, while the columns of the temperance forces have not been halted as they move forward to win greater victories." While the liquor organs point triumphantly to the fact that no State was added to the "dry" column, the temperance papers are equally impressed by the fact that no prohibition State renounced the faith and returned to the ranks of the "wets."

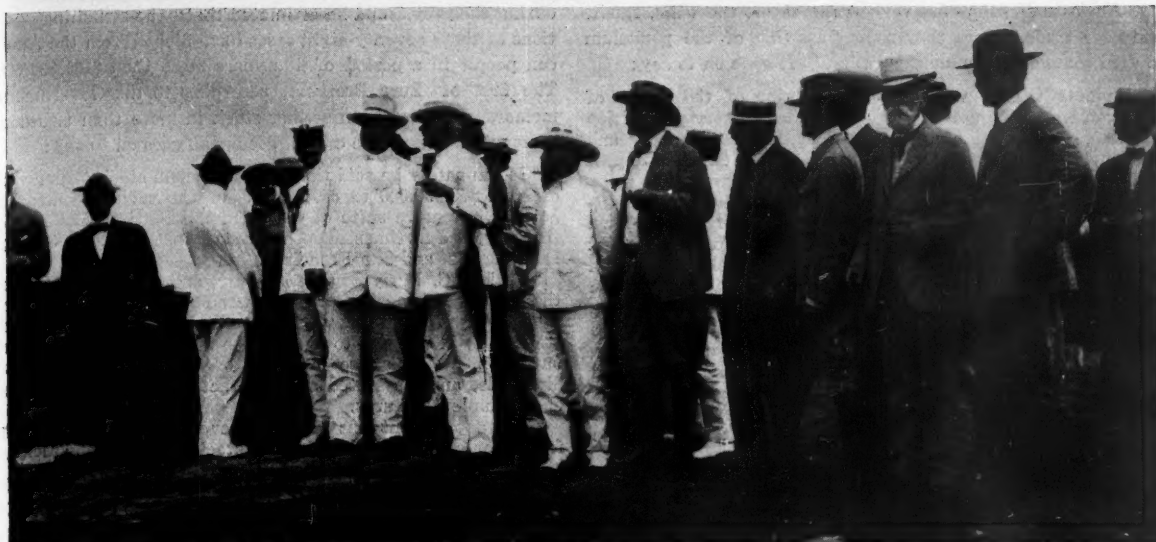
The issue of State-wide prohibition was specifically before the voters in Florida, Missouri, Oregon, Utah, and Oklahoma. The election did not change the classification of these five States, the first four remaining "wet" and Oklahoma "dry." This fact, however, considered in relation to the returns in other States, seems to lend itself to more than one interpretation. To *The National Bulletin* it indicates "a returning sentiment on the part of the people that the best way to deal with the liquor question is not through extermination and confiscatory legislation, but through sane and effective regulation." And the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, always a vigorous opponent of constitutional prohibition, which it defines as "nothing more and nothing less than the prohibition of constitutional rights," declares the vote in Florida, Missouri, Oregon, and Utah to mean the beginning of the breakdown of the prohibition movement. On the other hand, the temperance papers dwell rather upon the decision of the Oklahoma voters, to whom the question of State-wide prohibition was resubmitted, to keep their State in the "dry" ranks; the growth of the prohibition vote in Texas, Iowa, Wisconsin, and other States; the election of five prohibitionists to the Minnesota legislature, and one to the Illinois legislature; and the election of a prohibitionist Mayor in Cortland, N. Y. Says *The National Prohibitionist* (Chicago) of November 17:

"Final returns will probably show a considerable number of local Prohibition candidates elected in different parts of the country. There are scattering cases in Texas. California reports a justice of the peace and constables elected at Turlock. The total number of Prohibitionists who hold office in one capacity and another, will probably be larger than ever."

Where *The Courier-Journal* can see only a popular reaction from the prohibition cause, Charles R. Jones, chairman of the Prohibition National Committee, discovers evidence of a new friendliness toward the movement on the part of the public; and *The American Issue* is convinced that "the temperance forces more than held their own." Analyzing the results, the latter paper goes on to say:

"The most significant triumph in the country was in Oklahoma, where the liquor forces of the nation massed their strength for the adoption of a constitutional amendment providing for taking the State out of the prohibition ranks and placing it in the license column. The liquor men failed by 40,000 votes and Oklahoma remains a 'dry' State. Prohibition was inserted in the constitution of Oklahoma when it became a State. The liquor men succeeded in bringing about resubmission in the hope of changing the verdict and opening the State to saloons. They were overwhelmingly defeated and Oklahoma is in the 'dry' column to stay.

"A significant temperance victory was achieved in Nebraska, where county local option was an issue in the election of Governor. Dahlman, Democrat and 'wet,' was defeated by Aldrich, Republican and local optionist. It will be recalled that William J. Bryan repudiated Dahlman's candidacy and advocated the



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THE PRESIDENT AND HIS PARTY INSPECTING THE WORK.

Colonel Goethals, in white, with an umbrella hanging gracefully on his arm, is telling Mr. Taft all about it. He says that the Canal will be completed December 1, 1913, and opened January 1, 1915, allowing a year for finishing touches, practise tests, etc. The cost will be within the estimated \$375,000,000, already appropriated. The Government is now employing 38,676 men in the Canal Zone.



THE INSPECTION OF THE PANAMA CANAL.

—Bartholomew in the Minneapolis Journal.



"FORTIFY IT? WELL, I GUESS YES."

—Morgan in the Philadelphia Inquirer.

PRESIDENT TAFT'S VISIT TO PANAMA.

election of Aldrich. Bryan has 'come back' in Nebraska, but Dahlman and his liquor backers have been sent to the scrap-heap and a county local-option law is in sight in that State.

"Another splendid victory for temperance, decency, and good government was in Tennessee, where Ben Hooper defeated Senator Taylor for Governor. For the third time in the history of the State the voters elected a Republican Governor, not because he is a Republican, but because he is opposed to the policy of the notorious Governor Patterson, opposed to liquor domination and in favor of the enforcement of the State-wide law against saloons. The soul of Senator Carmack is marching on in Tennessee, and in the election of Hooper the brewers and liquor-dealers lose all hope of success in winning that State back into the saloon column.

"Another antisaloon victory was the reelection of Governor Stubbs in Kansas. There are few men in the country whom the liquor interests hate so cordially as they do the fighting Governor of Kansas. Governor Stubbs is always on the firing

line. He has stood for the enforcement of the prohibitory law in his State and has journeyed into other States to talk against a government of, for, and by the liquor trust. His reelection is a staggering blow to the liquor forces of the country. . . .

"It is true that State-wide prohibition was defeated in Missouri, Oregon, and Florida, in the last two by small majorities, but these defeats do not gain the liquor forces anything, neither do they constitute a loss to the temperance people. In Missouri, a 'wet' victory was anticipated by everybody who knew anything about the situation. Many of the strongest temperance men in the State believed it ill-advised to bring on a State-wide fight at this time. . . .

"All in all, there is no backward step. Taking the nation as a whole, it may be said that the results of the election show a decided net gain for those who are fighting the liquor traffic."

Turning to the comments of the liquor press, we find a different emphasis and interpretation. The results, declares

The National Herald, "are very gratifying to the wine, spirit, and beer trade," since they show "a swing of the pendulum toward common sense and liberality." It goes on to say:

"Emmett O'Neil was elected Governor of the State of Alabama on a local-option platform, and statutory prohibition was defeated, and the legislature elected is in sympathy and harmony with the Governor. Florida defeated State-wide prohibition by over 4,700 votes, but county option won out.

"A Democratic legislature was elected in Indiana on a platform promising a repeal of county option and a return to town and city option. The fight in Minnesota was for the present license system versus county option. The legislature elected is opposed to county option. In Missouri State-wide prohibition was defeated by an overwhelming majority. In Nebraska the Republicans declared for county option and were joined by the matchless leader who deserted the Democratic ranks to help carry county option. A Democratic legislature is elected and county option is defeated.

"Oklahoma was the only sop that the Prohibitionists received. The results of the election keep Oklahoma in the State-wide prohibition column.

"In Pennsylvania, Berry, the combination candidate of the local optionists and the Antisaloon League, was defeated by nearly 45,000, and a legislature against sumptuary laws affecting the liquor traffic is elected. The majority of the legislature against any prohibition law is more than 30.

"South Carolina elected a Governor on the local-option platform. South Dakota defeated a county option law by 15,000 majority. In Texas, the liberal Democrat who won out on a local-option platform as against State-wide prohibition, was elected by 120,000.

"In Oregon the people voted to sustain the enactment of the last legislature which defeated statutory prohibition.

"In Washington, the result of the election is an increased number of towns which voted to return to the 'wet' column."

GOLD BRICKS BY MAIL

MANY beside the unsuspecting victims will be shocked to learn that during the past five years the "bunco-steerer" has made Uncle Sam his innocent accomplice in swindles involving at least \$100,000,000 of the gullible investor's money. Yet these figures are given by no less an



WILL-O'-THE-WIS?

—Macaulay in the *New York World*.

authority than Postmaster-General Hitchcock. After the Post-Office authorities in New York had raided the Burr offices last week Mr. Hitchcock stated that "with the work accomplished to-day seventy-eight such cases have been brought to a head

during the year," and he estimated that "the swindling operations of these seventy-eight cases have filched from the American people in a period of five years more than \$100,000,000." The firm of Burr Brothers, according to the Government's memorandum, has been selling stock in more than two dozen companies. The same official document goes on to say:

"It can safely be said that they have sold stock at par value of from \$40,000,000 to \$50,000,000 in the various companies; have an extensive suite of offices in the Flatiron Building, in this city, and at times have had offices in Cleveland, Chicago, Los Angeles, and San Francisco.

"Sheldon C. Burr, Eugene H. Burr, and F. Harry Tobey are the only members of the firm in New York at the present time.

"In every instance they have promised large dividends on the stock sold, in addition to an increase in the value of the stock, but not in a single case have any of the companies paid any dividends, and, as stated above, practically all of them have been complete failures.

"The department has received several hundred complaints from people who have bought this stock and lost their money."

Examination of the firm's mail for the first three hours after the arrest of its officers gave startling evidence of the alacrity with which the public parts with its money in exchange for glittering promises. In this one batch of mail alone, we are told, the Post-Office inspectors found more than \$20,000. The story, as told in the news columns of the *New York Commercial*, continues:

"And so slow is the 'come-on' to give up hope of 50-per-cent. dividends that yesterday while the inspectors were still busy gathering up the papers and books before locking the office door many telegrams were received asking that shares in Burr Brothers' properties be reserved for the simple-minded writers until money could be forwarded. . . .

"The Post-Office people said yesterday that when Burr Brothers took parties to see their oil-wells they always let them look upon real spouting oil-wells owned by some reputable company. Up to date the department has investigated all of the Burr Brothers' oil properties except Buick Oil, and has found them all to be worthless.

"Besides spending some of their clients' money in private car trips, Burr Brothers paid out considerable sums to such newspapers as would print their advertisements. When the raid was made the inspectors found evidence that the concern had recently contracted for \$300,000 worth of newspaper advertising."

In this stream of capital flowing through the mails into the coffers of fraudulent promoters the *New York Evening Mail* discovers "one factor in the high cost of living to which due attention has never been given":

"It helps to explain the circumstance that capital, nowadays, fails to accumulate as steadily and as rapidly as it did some years back. All businesses, particularly the railroads, have felt the difficulty of securing the funds they required to enlarge their plant and make various betterments. In a sense the country seems to be living from hand to mouth—that is, it is spending about all that it makes, and has little left for anything beyond the routine needs. The operations of the get-rich-quick concerns show one of the ratholes—a big one—through which surplus capital disappears."

Other concerns using the mails are under investigation, we are told, and other raids and arrests are to follow, the Postmaster-General having announced that "the Government will drive from the country every wild-cat scheme to separate gullible investors from their money—so far as it is possible to do so."

But how much depends upon that qualifying clause, remark many papers; and the *New York Evening World* exclaims: "What a flurry would there be in Wall Street and in the highest financial circles were such an effort to be fearlessly, intelligently, and comprehensively made!" The suppression of these fraudulent operations, thinks the *New York Journal of Commerce*, depends even more upon the enlightenment of the public by their exposure than in the punishment of those caught in conducting them.



"BUT PRICES HAVE GONE DOWN!"
 "SPEAK A LITTLE LOUDER, PLEASE. I'M A LITTLE HARD O' HEARIN'!"
 —Donahy in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.



"RESCUED FROM ROBBERS; OR HOORAY FOR OLD MR. CORN CROP!"
 —McCutcheon in the *Chicago Tribune*.

ACKNOWLEDGING THE CORN.

DEMAND FOR THE PARCELS POST

MANY papers declare that the protracted and persistent agitation for a parcels post is approaching a climax. While the issue, remarks the *New York Evening World* (Dem.), was in a measure forced in New York by the strike among the employees of the express companies, "in other parts of the Union it appears to have come to the front naturally as a part of the popular uprising against the big interests that have so long monopolized and abused the privileges of public-utility franchises." The *New York Evening Mail* (Ind. Rep.) argues that the high cost of living has its root in the distribution rather than in the production of commodities, and points to the parcels post as a remedy at once obvious, direct, and easily applied. We read:

"In many instances it would wipe out the entire regiment of middlemen who stand with adhesive palms between consumer and producer. It would enable the farmer, for example, to send his eggs direct to his city customer, over the heads of jobbers, commission merchants, and grocers. It would save the people at least \$50,000,000 a year, taken in extortionate charges. It would regulate express rates downward with a chopping-knife.

"Let every reader take note of what happens when he sends his Christmas packages a few weeks hence. He will find that the Government will accept no package over four pounds, and that for a four-pound package it will charge him 64 cents. He may buy a toy engine for 50 cents to send to some namesake in Tarrytown or Binghamton or Pittsburg, and have the Government charge him 50 cents more, just to carry it. . . .

"The remedy for all this can be applied in a day. Let Uncle Sam enact for his own territory any one of the forty-eight parcels-post agreements he has made with other countries."

Not only would a parcels post cut down the cost of living in the big cities, declares a dispatch in *The Mail*, but it would check the depopulation of rural communities. In explanation of this claim we read:

"By making it impossible successfully to carry on in a small town any general merchandise business having the whole country for a market, the express companies and railroads have driven hundreds of thousands of manufacturers and merchants away from the towns and villages into the great cities. . . .

"As each express company, by agreement with the others and with the railroads, has exclusive privileges on the road

over which it operates, a small town generally has only one express company.

"If that concern receives a package for delivery at some place on another express company's line, it adds the other company's charges to its own. Sometimes three express lines have to be used for a single shipment from a small town, and the shipper then pays three express charges.

"In the great business centers the conditions are different. There the express companies all have offices, and shippers are therefore able to reach practically every place in the country on the payment of one express charge.

"These conditions make it impossible for the country manufacturer and shipper to compete with his city rival for trade over a wide territory. To compete successfully such a shipper must go to the big city.

"With him go the people he employs. These conditions have been operating for years, helping to build up the over-congested cities at the expense of the country town and village."

Think what it would mean to farmer and housewife to be able to deal directly with each other, exclaims *The Mail*. And to emphasize this point it reprints the following advertisements from the *London Daily Graphic*—England being among the countries which enjoy the advantages of a parcels post. The commodities here advertised are to be delivered by post:

CREAM.—Delicious Devonshire Clotted Cream from Jersey, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb., 1s. 2d.; 1 lb., 2s.; post free.—R. Wheadon, Ilminster.

FAT Heavy CHICKENS, farm fatted, 4s., 4s. 6d., couple; thoroughly genuine.—Whitehouse Farm, Great Ellingham, Norfolk.

FISH FRESH FROM THE SEA.—Our quality rarely equalled, never surpassed; 6 lbs., 2s.; 9 lbs., 2s. 6d.; 11 lbs., 3s.; 14 lbs., 3s. 6d. Carriage paid. Dressed for cooking. No delay. Full particulars free.—North Sea Fisheries Co., Dept. 5, Grimsby.

SAVE HALF YOUR BUTCHER'S BILLS and BUY DIRECT from the FARMERS.—Best English Meat; Mutton—Loins, Saddles, Shoulders, 8d.; Legs, 9d.; Necks, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; Beef—Silverside, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; Top Side, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; Sirloin and Ribs, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; Rump Steak, 1s. The Direct Supply Stores, Ltd., 6, Holborn circus.

FOOTBALL FATALITIES IN 1910

A "DOWNWARD REVISION" of the football death-list was looked for this year as a result of the revision of the rules, and this hope seemed to be realized when the season closed last week with a total of 15 deaths, as against 23 in 1909. The *New York American* and the *Pittsburg Dispatch* are led by these figures to think the game safer. Looking back one year more, however, we find that in 1908 there were 13 deaths, so that 1910, under the new rules, was more fatal than 1908 under the old. As the last death of 1910 was in a game played under the old rules, one count should be deducted, making the score fourteen to thirteen. So some observers think the root of the evil has not yet been reached. Fatal and serious casualties are still far too many, asserts the *Chicago Record-Herald*. But the fault does not lie so much in wrong rules, observes the *San Francisco Post*, and not so much in dangerous plays which may be ruled out, as in the belligerent spirit of the players. It says:

"The spirit of 'win at any cost' seems to inspire the football teams in this country. It is admitted even by the staunch adherents of football that men are 'done up' purposely in order to put them out of the game and to weaken the opposing team. . . .

"Scores of accidents on the gridiron may be traced to viciousness of this sort, which is no part of the game or the spirit of the game. The fault is not always with football; it is usually with the men who play the game. It would be well for coaches of football teams to watch their men carefully in practice and to weed out those who do not seem to be capable of preserving self-restraint."

The rules have certainly been revised enough since 1583, yet some one writes in to the *New York Sun* to show that our game is still very similar to the game of those days by quoting a de-

scription of football by a Mr. Philip Stubbs, who wrote an "Anatomie of Abuses Current In Ye Realm of England," in 1583. To quote:

"Sometimes their noses gush with blood, sometimes their eyes start out and sometimes hurt in one place and sometimes in another, but whosoever scapeth away the best goeth not scot free, but is either sore wounded, craised, or bruised so as he dieth of it or else scapeth very hardlie; and no mervaille, for they have sleights to meet one betwixt two, to dash him against the heart with their elbowes, to butt him under the short ribbes with their gripped fists and with their knees to catch him on the legs and piche him on the necke, with a hundred such murthuring devices.

"And hereof groweth envy, rancour, and malice, and sometimes brawling murther, homicide, and great effusion of blood as daily experience teacheth."

The following list of football casualties for the last three years appears in the *New York Times*:

DEATHS			
	1910.	1909.	1908.
High-school players	5	6	4
College players	5	10	6
Other players	4	7	3
Total	14	23	13
CAUSES OF DEATH			
	1910.	1909.	1908.
Body blows	1	5	3
Injuries to spine	1	3	3
Concussion of brain	7	5	3
Blood poisoning	2	2	1
Other causes	3	8	3
Total	14	23	13
BADLY INJURED			
	1910.	1909.	1908.
College players	17	33	64
High-school players	12	21	51
Grade schools	1	0	0
Athletic clubs	10	5	16
All others	0	5	3
Total	40	64	134

TOPICS IN BRIEF

THE art of rolling up wealth begins with the shirt sleeves.—*Wall Street Journal*.

COLONEL BRYAN seems to run every year except the Democratic one.—*Ohio State Journal*.

FOR the Democratic governors-elect the favorite decoration is a presidential lightning-rod.—*Chicago News*.

CANADA's first warship is called *The Rainbow*. There's a pot of gold tied up in it.—*Chicago Evening Post*.

EFFORTS of express companies to clear the way for a parcels post should be recognized.—*Wall Street Journal*.

WHY is the butcher always the last person to hear that meat is getting cheaper?—*Pittsburg Gazette-Times*.

OUT of the Colonel's fooling with the "New Nationalism" there has come a new Democracy.—*New York Times*.

PEOPLE who live in glass trusts should not throw stones at the United States Government.—*Indianapolis Star*.

PANAMA will not be annexed by the administration. It probably would go Democratic anyway.—*Chattanooga Times*.

IN accordance with the principle he learned at school, President Taft made a short stop at Colon.—*Pittsburg Gazette-Times*.

EVEN if Senator Lodge is defeated, the hirsute average of the Senate will be maintained. Kern is coming.—*Washington Times*.

ROBIN COOPER, who shot dead Senator Carmack of Tennessee, has been found not guilty. Carmack must have committed suicide.—*Minneapolis Journal*.

ONE pleasant thing about it is that we are able to tell who the secretary of the interior is without stopping to look it up in the *World Almanac*.—*Columbus Ohio State Journal*.

A 12-to-1 monetary ratio has been adopted in Guatemala. Bryan should be encouraged in finding a country willing to go three-quarters of the way with him.—*Cleveland Leader*.

COMMENTING on the statement that "Bryan doesn't care whether school keeps or not" a London paper expresses surprise that even a political defeat should render such an intelligent man indifferent to the progress of education in his country.—*Pittsburg Gazette-Times*.

ONE reason for the declining marriage rate is furnished in hole-proof socks.—*Rolla Herald*.

SENATOR Beveridge evidently failed to poll the literary vote in Indiana.—*Baltimore Sun*.

AN uprising is feared in the Sudan. It appears to have gone Democratic.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

UNUSED horse-car tracks in New York to be taken up. Why not the used ones also?—*Wall Street Journal*.

THE Colonel has been dubbed "Ex-It" Roosevelt, but don't forget to spell it with a big "I."—*Griffin (Georgia) Herald*.

"FRENCH tariff halts balloon." Even our own dear Payne schedules are not high enough for that.—*Chicago Evening Post*.

HOWEVER, it is entirely probable the high cost of living isn't one of these things that can't come back.—*Washington Times*.

J. OGDEN ARMOUR tells the people not to expect prices to fall suddenly. The people know better than that.—*St. Joseph Gazette*.

No doubt the Mexican magazines will now run luridly sensational articles on "Barbarous United States."—*Rochester Post Express*.

SOME one asks why the football season is so short. Because, we suppose, they run out of material by Thanksgiving.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

IN keeping with other nations, Germany's naval budget exceeds all records. Peace hath her victories no less expensive than war.—*Wall Street Journal*.

PARIS is shortly to have a new journal named *Excelsior*. Its editorial columns, we presume, will furnish breakfast food for thought.—*Des Moines Register and Leader*.

AT the same time the cost of living does not come down quite as if both wings were shattered and the rudder tangled in the propeller blades. There is, indeed, no unseemly haste.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

A BISMARCK, N. D., man fell from the top of a seven-story building and broke two ribs. Something desperate probably had to be done to call public attention to the city's new skyscraper.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press*.

A ST. LOUIS teacher of elocution routed a burglar by using imperious tones of command. It's good to know that "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night" can be put to some practical use.—*St. Louis Woman's National Daily*.



DARK DAYS FOR THE NEW PORTUGAL

THOSE who dance must pay the piper, as the leaders of the new Republic in Portugal are now being made to feel. They have built the new order of things on rotten foundations, says Francis McCullagh in *The Nineteenth Century and After* (London). The Army and Navy had become corrupted by secret agencies, and all the principles of sound government, discipline, and religion have been debauched by the teachings of anarchism. The results of such teachings are just as likely to make trouble for Braga and his followers, declares this writer, as they were to plague the monarchy. Mr. McCullagh thinks also that the financial problem will become somewhat embarrassing to the Republicans. Spain and Portugal are the homes of beggary and illiteracy. The only existing schools have been managed and held by such orders as the Jesuits. The University of Campolido, for example, has a European reputation for the scientific attainments of its Jesuit professors. These religious orders also conducted the charities. Mr. Braga cries out that the republican administration is to be one of



LET GEORGE DO IT.

MANUEL—"My dearest George, can't you help me?"

GEORGE—"My dearest Manuel, a single shot from one of my dreadnoughts costs me \$1,000, and just now I'm a little short and can't afford it."
--Kladderatsch (Berlin).

strict economy. What are they going to do with the poor and destitute, the ignorant and illiterate, if they drive out the religious orders? Mr. McCullagh says:

"In Lisbon alone the religious congregations gave, until the outbreak of the revolution, 2,000 free meals daily, and about 30,000 free meals were given daily by the monasteries and nunneries throughout Portugal. Education was almost free (at Campolido a boarder had only to pay two pounds a month for his education and board), so that the new Government will find itself compelled to spend a great deal of money on schools and on the unemployed. As economy is the great watchword of President Braga (so he told me himself), and as the heavy taxation was a potent cause in bringing about the revolution, the Republic will be in difficulties directly. Schools of course are necessary, but it will be years before the Portuguese peasant comes to see the good of them; and for my own part I am doubtful if the new Republican schools will be of much account. We know what these new business schools are in Spain, presided over by briefless lawyers with a craze for politics, journalism, and frothy oratory."

The "heroes" of the Army and Navy who played leading rôles in the revolution are now clamoring for their reward. To the victors belong the spoils, they say, and already the provisional government finds itself hampered by their greedy and dis-



IN DOUBT.

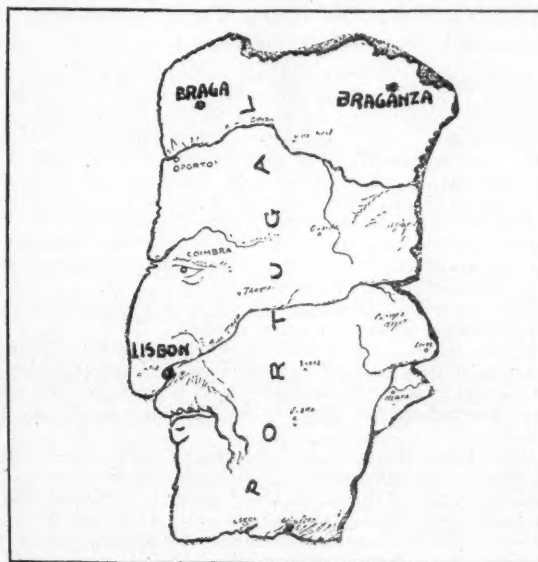
"We see the porridge, but it seems a little too hot for us at present."

--Kladderatsch (Berlin).

orderly demands. Of the corruption of the Army and its dangerous results even to the republicans we read:

"This system of corruption is based on the undermining of discipline and Christianity among the soldiers, it is a dangerous weapon, not only to the men against whom it is used, but also to the men who use it. The artillerymen, who revolted first, now want higher pay. The sailors all want to be policemen, with large salaries and plenty of leisure. The soldiers have contracted an awkward taste for murdering their officers. The regiments know that they are ruled by some secret club, not by the colonel."

Even Republicans are beginning to regret that their Republic



PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT BRAGA.

--L'Esquella de la Tarradeta (Barcelona).



IT IS NOT ALL ECHO.

ALFONSO—"That terrible shout, 'Long live the Republic,' actually comes through the partition."

CANALEJAS—"I'm afraid, your Majesty, that some of it originates on our side of the wall."

—Fischietto (Turin).



MISS BONNET ROUGE—"This is the tree on which I see! The plums are ripening fast for me."

—Wahre Jacob (Stuttgart).

TREPIDATION IN THE KING ROW.

has been founded only with the assistance of atheistic and anarchical institutions. A strong Republican, "a Republican of the sound American or Swiss school," who is also an anticlerical, Mr. Francisco Manuel Homem Christo, writes in the *Mundo* (Lisbon): "It is the apotheosis of the bomb," and continues:

"The creator of the bomb is the anarchist. The anarchist is, then, the founder of the Portuguese Republic. The regiments were not led against the King by their officers. They were debauched by revolutionists. It was a work of anarchy. And will the anarchists who carried out this work stop here for the sake of the Republic? Will they not continue to corrupt the troops?"

This powerful advocate of the Republic yet mourns over the present condition of Portugal as actually "*finis patriæ*"—the end of things for his country. Portugal is drifting like a ship without compass or rudder upon the sea of corruption, disorganization, and disorder. Mr. Christo utters a dismal prophecy and paints a lurid picture of what is going to happen to the new republic. He passionately exclaims:

"Those who have corrupted the monarchy will corrupt the Republic. Those who have debauched our troops will continue to debauch them until they reduce us to a state of complete disorganization. Now, disorganization is fatal to all love of work. And unfortunately it is only a love for hard work that will save us. . . . Everything good will disappear from the minds of the people. With the fear of the King they will lose the fear of God. Love of country, love of their superiors, will vanish. Aristocracy, religion, family life, will disappear. And can we afford to lose all this just now, we with all our moral, intellectual, and racial defects?"

"The disorganization of Portuguese society was very great. Is that disorganization now going to end?"

"We are told that the Republic will bring us order. But can we affirm that the present disorder is the result of the corruption that set in under the Monarchy? Is it not rather the work of the Positivists, the Comtists, of Theophile Braga and his friends?"

"Indiscipline, the peculiar possession of this semi-African race which we call Portuguese, has many and deep roots. It existed under Absolutism; it existed under Constitutionalism; and it will exist under the Republic. . . . Constitutionalism, with its formulas, incomprehensible to the great majority of the people, did not diminish that indiscipline; it augmented it. And the Republic, continuing the work of Constitutionalism, will make that indiscipline degenerate into anarchy."

GERMAN CONTEMPT FOR BRITISH REGULARS

THE "TERRITORIALS," or reorganized militia of England, recently came under the criticism of Colonel Gaedke, the eminent military editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, and his remarks were summarized in these pages. Now he directs his critical battery against the whole regular Army of Great Britain and its commanders after visiting Aldershot and being present at the English autumn maneuvers. English soldiers, he says, may be able to fight savages, but they are a negligible quantity when compared with the armies of Continental Europe. Kitchener and Roberts are inferior commanders when compared with the generals of France or Germany, and the British land forces are both outnumbered and outclassed. To quote his sweeping strictures:

"The English Army is not only too weak in numbers, it is also too badly trained and too incompetently commanded to be of any importance whatever in the case of a continental conflict. It is merely a heterogeneous compound of arms which no common tie unites. Its commanders are incapable, from the highest to the lowest in rank. It is an army which is drilled merely for fighting on level ground, and badly drilled at that. Its cavalry is valueless, its infantry wholly ignorant of the exigencies of modern warfare. In short, the English troops are only good for fighting savages, or intervening in Afghanistan or Tibet."

This opinion is not shared, however, by some French observers. Lieutenant-Colonel Rousset, of the French cavalry, who also witnessed the maneuvers of the English forces this autumn, compares favorably the British with German soldiers, and we read in the *Liberté* (Paris):

"At Salisbury and at Aldershot I have seen sturdy battalions, cavalry strong and formidable, artillery swift and adroit, all of them commanded by officers keenly interested in their work, which they appeared to me fully to understand. . . . I venture to say that so far from failing through lack of initiative, the British troops of the regular Army manifest an intelligence and an agility greater than is to be found in the Germans, as far as holding their ground is concerned. And how could it be otherwise? Almost half of this Army resides permanently in camp. The camp of Aldershot of itself contains almost a



BREACH OF PROMISE.

LABOR—"Wretch! Is this the love you used to vow? I will support you no longer!"
—Fischietto (Turin).



BRIAND AND LA BELLE FRANCE.

RICHARD III. (Briand)—
"Was ever woman in this humor wooed?
Was ever woman in this humor won?
And I no friends to back my suit withal
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!
Ha!"
—Amsterdamer.

FICKLE HEARTS IN FRANCE.

third of the British forces, namely, five brigades of infantry and one of cavalry. General Langlois has declared that no army in the world has better facilities for training. If the English Army knows how to avail itself of these advantages it is likely to turn out the best trained army in Europe. It is well known, moreover, that in the last maneuvers the English regulars have shown a marked improvement in drill and tactics."
—Translations made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.

THE STRONG MAN OF FRANCE

THE REMARKABLE point in the recent change of ministry in France is that Mr. Aristide Briand has alienated Clericals and Monarchists on the one hand, and Socialists on the other, yet he alone of all his former Cabinet has survived in power. Once an advocate of strikes and a profest Socialist, he put down riot with a strong hand when public order, public business, and public safety were threatened, and gathers a new cabinet who are pledged to support him in checking Socialistic and revolutionary disturbances in the field of labor.

He has announced his intention to maintain public order at any cost and to amend the election laws. It is distinctly a radical and a "fighting" cabinet that he has nominated. Of the four senators who are comprized in it, two are extreme Leftists and two others Republicans. The rest are either Republican Socialists, Radical Socialists, or Leftists. He has been accused of choosing men of little ability and experience, men who will come and go at his beck and call, and will unswervingly follow his lead whatever measures he may take, whatever laws he may propose in crushing sedition or revolutionary strikes, and curb the laboring classes who are trying to control legislation so as to obtain what is practically a new distribution of property. For this purpose his program includes a revision of the voting list which will make the qualifications for the franchise more exacting.

These ideas of his seem to be accepted as just and right by the general public, but fail to fall in with the wishes of the extreme parties, Socialists on one side and Clericals on the

other. The Ultramontane *Soleil* (Paris) speaks as follows of the new ministry:

"So, it is for the purpose of forming such a ministry as this that Mr. Briand resigned! It is for the purpose of mustering in the same crew an anticlerical informer, a police spy, and a sectary. This is the pacificatory policy promised by Mr. Briand, while he outrages the truth as on other occasions he outraged decency. Well! Well! I admit that this ministry may answer the views of Mr. Briand and the Radicals, but it proves a hollow cheat to us, and not to us alone, but to many Liberals who put their trust in Mr. Briand.

"Not only is the cabinet of Mr. Briand a cabinet of mediocrities—it could scarcely have been otherwise in a Radical crew—but it is a fighting cabinet. One may hope, or at least wish, that the war against the Catholic religion is approaching its end. . . . The Radicals hope in showing themselves at the same time antisocialists and anticlericals that they will induce the laboring men to swallow the laws which are to be passed against them. In order to abolish liberty of the workers, they will cut another slice off the liberty of teaching hitherto accorded to the Catholics. It is anticlerical sauce that in Mr. Briand's mind will make the fish go down that the radical bourgeoisie are serving round to the proletariat, in hopes it may little by little induce them to forego their prerogatives."

Mr. Jaurès, Socialist, Internationalist, and Antimilitarist, seems actually to foam at the mouth as he roars from the columns of the *Intransigeant* (Paris):

"Extreme reaction, extreme mediocrity—these are two main features of the new Briand Ministry. It is formed for the purpose of carrying out a policy of social reaction. Its author is making ready for war upon the working classes, the liberty of labor-unions, and of the democracy. He acts with all the frantic rage of a traitor who, despised and detested by those under whose flag he once marched, feels himself obliged to purchase by these reactionary blows the contemptuous vote of the Right and of the Center. . . . Moral disorder and platitude are stamped upon the new ministry, but within a short time not only the working classes, but the whole republican democracy which has been deceived, will bring to justice a ministry which is at once vile and ridiculous, a ministry of one man, and he no better than a bandit."

A calmer and presumably juster estimate of the situation is taken by the great *Journal des Débats* (Paris) which says that

Mr. Briand has gathered round him men who share his ideas of government and are determined to aid him in securing the triumph of order over disorder. Some might wish he had taken into his cabinet men of greater intellect and experience, but he knew his own business best, comments this paper, and remarks:

"The method he adopted shows that he wishes the responsibilities of power to be shared by men not compromised by party affiliations, and less conspicuous for their interventions in open parliament than for their work on committees. Mr. Briand, relying more upon the country than upon parliamentary coteries, wished to have colleagues representing rather the country itself than the celebrities of the lobby. Public opinion, after a moment's astonishment, understands this. The President of the Council, after days of crisis which he turned into days of triumph, now undertakes a work which is necessary for our country and is extremely difficult. He is surrounded by the men of his choice, whom he presents to us as resolved to help him. So far so good. It is his task of maintaining public order that we are to be called upon to judge. We hope that Mr. Briand has strength enough to accomplish it. The struggle which is going on in France between civilization and barbarism affects all those who care for their country, whatever their party be. But a Government constituted for the purpose of defending the public against wrong and disorder has lost all claim to stand unless it resolutely carries out the work entrusted to it."—*Translations made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

EUROPE'S VIEW OF THE ROOSEVELT ROUT

THE FRENCH press has not much sympathy with Mr. Roosevelt's failure to maintain his party in power. The tone of the great Paris organ, the *Figaro*, pretty well represents public opinion in France. "Mr. Roosevelt," we are told, "had abused his personal popularity." "He took the lead in everything, he meddled in everything and everywhere." "He claimed the credit of everything." "He talked of his policy, his program." "Possibly he will take his revenge, but he will be obliged beforehand to give certain pledges to his party." The same paper undertakes to tell us how the matter was greeted in London, and we read:

"The news of the defeat of Mr. Roosevelt and his party was received almost with delight in England, where the ex-President had become quite unpopular since he lectured the English Government at the Guildhall, with so little tact and discretion, on the policy of Great Britain in Egypt."

The *Figaro* seems to have been a little astray on this point, if we may take as sincere the utterances of the London papers, of which the following extract from a *Times* editorial is a good specimen:

"Hard as has been the blow for Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft—a blow which the latter must feel the more keenly as even his own State of Ohio has gone to the Democrats—we are far from believing either that the ex-President is 'down and out,' or that the word failure must be written upon Mr. Taft's Administration. Mr. Roosevelt may learn a lesson of moderation from his defeat; in any case he is too valuable an asset to be dispensed with by the country and too forceful a personality to permit of such treatment. The spirit of reform is in the air, and Mr. Roosevelt is still the most active reformer America possesses. He may yet snatch victory out of defeat, if he can reorganize the Republicans on more 'Progressive' lines before the Presidential election two years hence. As our correspondent points out, there is little to choose between the aims of the Democrats and the Republicans, and the triumph of the former does not mean the failure of all those reforms which the ex-President has advocated. That is a fact which may render Mr. Taft's position less unpleasant than might seem to be the case with a Democratic majority in the House. It may be that he will find it easier to fulfil his pledges than he would have found it had he had to depend for their fulfilment upon the support of a party, half Regular and half Progressive, requiring all his powers of conciliation to keep in some semblance of unity. He has already achieved much, he may yet achieve more, upon

lines which Democratic Congressmen have sometimes followed more readily than Republican."

"Too much Roosevelt," says *The Outlook* (London), caused the catastrophe. "The business world dreads nothing so much as seeing Mr. Roosevelt in the White House again." *The Morning Post* (London), a Conservative and aristocratic paper, deplores the fact the ex-President's party was defeated by "the rich and educated class," who have hitherto been the mainstay of the Republicans. Party lines are henceforth to be "blurred" in American politics, this paper thinks. *The Pall Mall Gazette* (London) holds that "the one-man campaign" was too much for the man who had so few genuine backers and concludes that the days of "the campaign soloist" are now over with the Republicans as well as the Democrats, "relieved from the incubus of Mr. Bryan."

"It would be a mistake to dismiss Mr. Roosevelt as done for," declares the Conservative *Saturday Review* (London). This paper indorses the ex-President's advocacy of centralization in the Government "if real law and order are ever to prevail throughout the United States, and the country is ever to act efficiently as a great world power." Nor does *The Nation* (London) echo the opinion that the Republican defeat necessarily means the extinction of Mr. Roosevelt's hopes for a re-nomination in 1912, but says:

"It must certainly be accounted a merited rebuke to an unprecedented career of megalomania, issuing in an electioneering campaign in which this master of turgid rhetoric surpassed all former records in the arts of reckless accusation and personal vituperation."

Mr. Roosevelt has cause for feeling satisfied with the result of the elections, thinks the Liberal *Spectator* (London). He has taught a lesson to his partners. Of the Democratic triumph we are told:

"It is absurd to regard it as Mr. Roosevelt's 'Waterloo.' On the contrary, the elections have conclusively justified his warning to the Republican party of the need of setting their house in order, and may only prove the prelude to a reconstruction of that party on truly progressive lines. Mr. Roosevelt has . . . shown his power, and taught his partners that they will not succeed unless they mend their ways."

OUR NAVAL "SNUB" TO GERMANY—The United States is at this moment being talked about in two great European capitals with some slight irritation, if not anger. The Conservative papers of London are accusing the Liberals of selling the English nation "to the American paymasters of John Redmond," "the dollar dictator," while in Berlin people are looking with a jealous eye on the frolics and junketings of sailors and officers of the American fleet at Cherbourg and London. So eminent a naval writer as Count von Raventlow has taken this matter very seriously and thinks that as Berlin has an "exchange professor," Kiel ought to have a salute from American guns. Yet he regards the American "offishness" with "a countenance more in sorrow than in anger" and gravely remarks in the *Deutsche Tageszeitung* (Berlin):

"From a political standpoint the American fleet's avoidance of Germany can not but prove decidedly conspicuous because neither lack of ships nor time can be pleaded in explanation. Germany wants nothing from the United States and has no reason either material or sentimental to run after America. But the lack in respect of courtesy shown on this occasion requires to be registered, and will, it is to be hoped, teach a lesson to that regrettably large number of Germans who think that the proper attitude toward the United States is one of obsequious friendship and with cap invariably in hand."

"Perhaps the fleet's avoidance of German waters is due to the existing German-American economic difference. If so the warning is all the more necessary that we should in no circumstances give even the appearance of running after the Americans."



FIVE STAGES OF A RABBIT'S JUMP.

Showing just how, when running, he makes his front tracks with his hind feet.

HOW A RABBIT MAKES TRACKS

HOW MANY know that a running rabbit makes his front tracks with his hind feet? That this is a fact, we are assured by C. H. Pease; writing in *Country Life in America* (New York, December) on "Autobiographies in the Snow." Mr. Pease reminds us that the country as known to those who see it only in summer is all changed after the snow has covered the ground, and a new and fascinating field of nature-study is opened to all. "The footprints of every living creature are recorded; every twig, leaf, and seed that falls to the ground is made conspicuous upon the background of white, and the stories each tells are legion." He continues:

"On a winter stroll with an enthusiastic friend, last year, we entered the woods where at first no signs of life were visible—no tracks in the snow, not a sound to be heard. The first to attract our attention, as we journeyed on, were tracks of the common rabbit, or hare, so familiar to all. There was nothing unusual about these tracks—two footprints close together and two larger ones farther apart—yet there was something mysterious about them. Which way was bunny going? Not every one can answer this question, because comparatively few people know that, when running, a rabbit makes his front tracks with his hind feet. The two footprints close together are made with his front feet and the widely separated tracks, which are several inches in front, are made with the hind feet, which pass outside and beyond the others. Altho one may see him in the act, the eye can not follow the swiftly moving feet successfully to observe just how it is done. Here is where a speedy camera is an absolute necessity. The accompanying photographs were secured after many unsuccessful attempts, while the rabbit was under full headway and making tracks 'hind-foremost.' The exposure was one-seven-hundredth of a second and shows the exact position of the feet at five different

stages of the jump. The camera also reveals the fact that the two tracks of the front feet are not made simultaneously, as is generally supposed, but that one foot strikes the ground considerably in advance of the other. When the second one gets there it strikes close to the first; in fact, in some instances, almost or quite overlapping, producing an imprint resembling one track instead of two. William Hamilton Gibson, in his 'Sharp Eyes,' illustrated this feat from personal observations, by pictures from his own brush, indicating in each of the three figures shown that the two front feet travel exactly parallel to each other."

The fact that Gibson with his peculiarly keen eyes was unable to detect why the two front tracks sometimes look like one

illustrates, Mr. Pease says, how utterly incapable even the trained human eye is of keeping pace with the photographic lens and shutter. He goes on:

"Mr. Gibson stated in the reference alluded to above: 'I should like to see a rabbit caught on the fly; . . . I am sure we should get some comical revelations,' and if he were alive to-day he would receive from me a full set of my rabbit photographs with their 'comical revelations.'"

"Following the trail that we had been examining, with a view to ascertaining where our bunny went and what his business was, we were led to a spring-hole, where we found other interesting records in the snow. A fox had evidently been there the night before to quench his thirst at the 'fountain'; a bevy of birds had raided some tall weeds near by and scattered the seeds on the snow; a crow had made a tour of investigation and incidentally treated himself to a drink; in the higher background was a train of very small tracks leading to one 'grand central station,' from which diverged in several directions the well-beaten paths of some little animals. The central point of these runways was the home of a family of deer mice, or white-footed mice—a hole leading into the ground, at the end of which was no doubt stored a generous supply of provisions for the

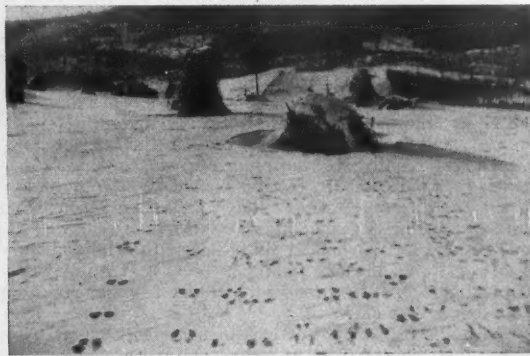


A RABBIT'S FOOTPRINTS.

The two close together are made with his front feet, those widely separated with his hind feet. He is running toward the left.



Illustrations with this article from "Country Life in America."



ON BUNNY'S TRAIL.

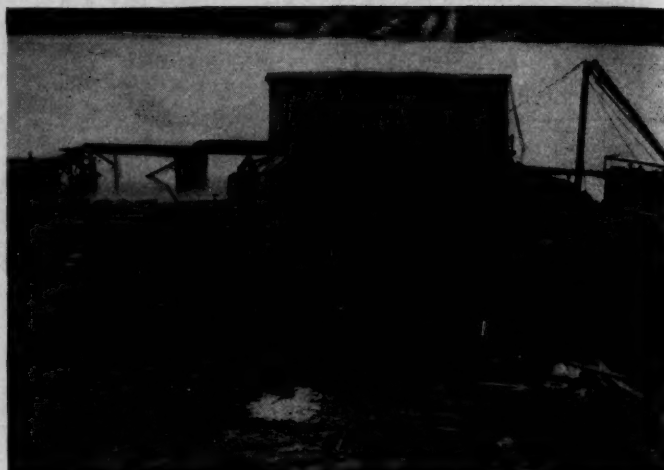
Following the trail to this spring hole we found the tracks of a fox and several other little animals as well as birds.

Not only rabbits and squirrels, but mice, rats, crows, and blue jays were registered as regular guests of these corn-shocks.



Photographs used by courtesy of "Engineering News," New York.

Wreckage of the south anchor arm of the Quebec bridge a few days after the collapse. It remained thus till January 1, 1910.



View near the south pier after about nine months' work. Some of the dynamite explosions threw pieces of steel weighing eight or ten pounds entirely across the river a distance of nearly half a mile.

WHAT NINE MONTHS' WORK DID.

winter. After leaving the watering-place we were led to other rabbit tracks, and still more tracks, until we imagined ourselves nearing the metropolis of bunnydom. Then we observed the footprints of squirrels and other small quadrupeds that came to join the procession. It was but a short distance to the edge of the woods, and we could see a picture of what would generally be considered very poor farming, but to the rabbits and squirrels it evidently looked good. A corn-field with a portion of last season's crop standing in the shock, partially snowed under, was the attraction to the wood-folk's eyes, and was responsible for all those tracks. There was a well-beaten thoroughfare leading from the woods to the nearest shock of corn. After photographing the scene, an examination of the corn-shocks revealed the fact that not only rabbits and squirrels, but mice, rats, crows, and blue jays were registered there as regular boarders."

FLAWS IN HUMAN SYMMETRY—While the right and left halves of the human body are supposedly symmetrical, each resembling the other as a mirror-image resembles its original, the symmetry is seldom exact, in a geometrical sense. A famous sculptor who recently made a bust of Lincoln found by an examination of many photographs that one side of Lincoln's face was longer than the other, so that one side seemed actually to look older and graver, and he modeled his bust accordingly. Most adults find that their hands and feet are not precise mates, and men who work at desks come to have one shoulder slightly elevated, enough to make a difference in the tailor's measurements. Says a French writer in *Cosmos* (Paris, October 22):

"There is no human head or face that is exactly symmetrical, and celebrated works of art have observed this natural difference between the two sides of the body. The famous Venus of Milo has the left side of her face more developed than the other; the outermost point is seven millimeters [$\frac{1}{4}$ inch] further from the ideal plane of symmetry than the corresponding point on the right; the nasal septum is also seven millimeters toward the left, and the right eye is lower than the left, etc. . . .

"We may recall here the figures [given by Mr. Paul Eodin] relative to the comparative dimensions of the right and left ears. The differences are frequent and often reach five millimeters [$\frac{1}{4}$ inch]. Of 100 children of thirteen years, 89 had the conch of the left ear longer than that of the right; in the case of one only was the asymmetry in favor of the right ear. Of 100 adults of twenty-three years 79 had a longer right ear and six a longer left ear.

"With age the amount of lack of symmetry seems to lessen. If, for instance, at thirteen years, one ear is longer than the other by five millimeters, the shorter will alone continue to grow and the difference between them thus becomes smaller; five or six years later it is not more than two or three milli-

meters. A marked lack of symmetry of the ears, reaching more than five millimeters, is often an indication of mental weakness."—*Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

BLASTING AND BURNING AWAY A GREAT WRECK

A WRECK that has been only half cleared away after ten months of unrelenting toil must be confessed to be something of a wreck. Ever since New Year's Day of the present year a large force of men have been working on the ruins of the great Quebec steel cantilever bridge, which went down in a tangled mass of bent and twisted steel on August 29, 1907. The 10,000 tons of steel were buried in deep and wild confusion, yet it is a remarkable fact that there were no loose ends. Like devoted members of a loving family in disaster, every piece of steel clung to its neighbor with a firm grip when the crash came, and it now takes a blast of dynamite or the oxy-acetylene flame to sunder them. Says Mr. H. P. Borden, a Canadian engineer, in describing this work in *Engineering News* (New York, November 10):

"The magnitude and difficulties of the job can not be appreciated unless one has personally visited the wreck and seen this enormous tangle of huge steel members piled high and in utter confusion, yet with no loose ends. Every ton of metal moved, whether eyebar, chord, or post, must first be cut loose from its neighbor or subdivided into many pieces before it can be handled. The various members are twisted and bent almost beyond recognition, yet they are still firmly bound one to the other. Only one broken eyebar has been found in the whole wreck. Before these eyebars can be removed they must be broken or cut in two or three pieces. All the members radiating from a panel-point still have their connections intact at that point. A chord . . . weighing 50 or 75 tons must be broken or cut at either side of this panel-point and then cut into six or eight similar sections, to bring it within the capacity of the derricks. Most of the pieces removed in this way will still have to be broken up into even smaller sections before they have a marketable size as scrap.

"When tenders were called for for the removal of this wreck, contractors, as a rule, were entirely at sea as regards the best way of cutting the material or as to the probable cost of such an operation. Both dynamite and the oxy-acetylene flame had been used on work of a similar nature, but for work of such enormous proportions there was absolutely no precedent. The work for the first month or two was, therefore, almost entirely experimental. Various grades and strengths of dynamite were tried, as well as gelignite, but it has been found that a 60-per-



The view at the left shows the flame cutting off rivet-heads; the oxygen cylinder lies at the right of the work. The right-hand view shows a flame-cut of an entire member, near a panel-point; the area cut is about 800 square inches.

THE OXY-ACETYLENE FLAME IN ACTION.

cent. dynamite gave the most satisfactory results, everything considered. The oxy-acetylene flame has also been extensively used, and has shown some remarkable results.

"The oxy-acetylene torch cuts the steel very rapidly, and leaves a thin, sharply defined slot, not wider than that made by a saw. The torch itself weighs only a few pounds, and, as a consequence, can be used in any point, no matter how inaccessible, so long as it can be reached by the operator."

LESSONS FROM WELLMAN'S TRIP

THAT THE recent attempt to cross the Atlantic in a dirigible, while unsuccessful, may have contributed in no small degree to the ultimate solution of this great problem is asserted by Henry Harrison Suplee in *Cassier's Magazine* (New York, November). He believes that if we remember how failures in other fields have led to final victory, the abortive attempt of Mr. Wellman may well be accepted as a contribution toward the next expedition, much as the earlier efforts to lay a transatlantic cable were most valuable lessons leading to the ultimate and successful result:

"In the first place, it has been demonstrated beyond doubt, both by Wellman and by Zeppelin, that a great dirigible is capable of sustaining itself and its burden in the air for a period of more than three days, while traveling a distance of more than a thousand miles. This in itself is a long step forward in the solution of the question of the crossing of the Atlantic.

"In the second place, the Wellman experiment has shown the undesirability of maintaining any contact, through a trailer or equilibrator, with the surface of the water, such an attachment acting both as a transmitter of wave shocks and as a retarding brake.

"In the third place, the feeble influence of engines and propellers, as thus far applied, in comparison with the power of the wind acting upon the balloon, has demonstrated the necessity for greater engine power and propeller efficiency, if the term *dirigible* is to be considered to mean anything under conditions encountered in the Atlantic crossing."

It has always been considered, Mr. Suplee goes on to say, that any attempt to cross the Atlantic through the air must be largely by the aid of the wind. The usefulness of the motors, therefore, must lie in their ability to direct the air-ship into currents available for its guidance. Now, while there is a general easterly and westerly trend to the

wind over the North Atlantic, this sweep is liable to be crossed by a strong current from the north, after the Banks have been passed. This northerly current made itself felt so strongly in the Wellman expedition that the machine was carried far to the south, and failure naturally followed:

"It was the function of the motors and propellers to contend with just such a current and to carry the air-ship across this diverting wind and bring it again into the west wind which was acting beyond in the precise direction desired. To do this, however, demanded far more power than was available on the *America*, and, in the absence of sufficient power, the failure of the expedition became certain. The first lesson to be learned from this latest effort, therefore, is found in the fact that the power is required for emergencies, rather than for steady action, and that capacity for a vigorous spurt of moderately brief duration is essential to success.

"The fact that the Wellman balloon remained in the air for a period of about one-third of the total time probably required demonstrates that much progress has been made in the construction of the gas-bag and in the material of which it is made. Mr. Wellman, however, is reported to have stated that they had lost about 40 per cent. of the gas during that time, and that it is doubtful if they could have kept in the air longer than another day. It has thus been determined, as a result of the Wellman undertaking, that further improvements in balloon fabrics must be made if the Atlantic crossing is to be accomplished within the time limits at present in sight.

"Another feature, and one which has already been met by aeronauts with the ordinary drifting balloons, is the influence of temperature changes upon the volume of the gas, and hence upon the sustaining power of the gas-bag. The recent balloon trips in various countries have emphasized the chilling influences, and consequent contraction of the gas, when passing over bodies of water, and it must be expected that similar changes will be experienced in passing through the air currents of varying temperatures encountered in the ocean crossing. Some effective method of protection against sudden temperature changes will doubtless be devised, either in the form of a protective jacket, or in some method of supplying warmth to meet the chilling action of the cooler atmospheric strata. . . .

"Something must be devised to replace the equilibrator, if, indeed, any device of this sort is desirable at all. Possibly it will be found better to attempt navigation wholly in the upper strata of the atmosphere, and abandon any effort to maintain connection with the surface of the water."

Fuller knowledge of atmospheric conditions along the route are absolutely necessary, Mr. Suplee



DYNAMITE STICKS, For blowing up the wreckage.

declares. Reports and predictions immediately available from the Weather Bureau extend only as far as the Grand Banks, except for disconnected data obtained by radio-telegrams from vessels. Meteorological probabilities along the entire route must be recorded, and this can be effected only by close cooperation between official services on both sides of the ocean, combined with systematic reports from all vessels along the route.

In this connection the writer notes the proposed attempt of Mr. Joseph Brucker to make the crossing in a westerly direction, starting from the Canary Islands, and having the West Indies for his destination:

"This plan, which includes the utilization of the edge of the trade winds, has been under consideration longer than the Wellman project, and it contains certain elements of probability which deserve examination. For success, however, one of the features above mentioned is essential—the assurance of a gas-bag which will hold its contents against leakage and other losses for a longer period than has been shown practicable as yet with any material commercially available."

MEASURING A SOARING AEROPLANE'S HEIGHT

HOW IS IT POSSIBLE to tell just how high in air an aviator is when he is trying for a height-record? There are various ways of measuring elevation, of various degrees of accuracy; and in general the simplest and easiest are the least exact. When a record is to be made, possibly exceeding a rival's by a few feet only, exactness is evidently a desideratum. The most accurate method would be to drop a plumb-line directly from aeroplane to ground, but this is evidently quite impracticable. The easiest way is to carry up an aneroid barometer, but the indications of this instrument are not to be relied on to the necessary degree of accuracy. The best method is that of triangulation, two observers at the ends of a measured base-line getting the angle of elevation of the aeroplane simultaneously. From these two angles and the length of the base the height may be figured out with the use of trigonometrical formulas. The longer the base-line and the more accurate the instruments with which the angles are measured, the more nearly exact the result. Probably the most elaborate preparations ever made for measurements of this kind were at the Harvard-Boston aero-meet at Atlantic, Mass., September 3-13, 1910. The methods are described in *Engineering News* (New York, November 10) by Mr. J. Albert Holmes, an engineer of Cambridge, Mass., who was himself stationed at one of the observing-instruments. He writes:

"It was assumed that a height of 10,000 feet might be

reached. The time, rather late afternoon, required, for the best conditions of observation, a point or points to the south of the aviation field, in which position the sun would be behind the observers. A possible height of 10,000 feet required that the points be located a distance of something over two miles from the field, in order to obtain vertical angles which could be conveniently observed with an ordinary transit. The aviation field at Atlantic is well located to fulfil these conditions, the high ground to the south furnishing the necessary observation-stations in the most desirable positions.

"Prof. R. W. Wilson, of Harvard University, was in charge of the altitude measurements, and selected the location for the stations. . . . Station B was in an open field on the Carey estate, East Milton, and Station A on the slope of Forbes Hill, Quincy."

Either station could be seen from the other, but as a direct measurement could not be made between, the distance was figured from indirect measurements, and was found to be 6,236 feet. The distance from the aviation field was about $2\frac{3}{4}$ miles, so that when an aviator was 10,000 feet in air, his angle of elevation would be about 35° :

"Back of each station, in the line of the base, range poles were erected, which were covered with alternate strips of black and white cotton cloth and surmounted by a signal flag. Around the hub marking each station three stakes were driven flush with the ground, on which to place the legs of the instrument tripod, thus insuring a quick and stable setup. Sun and wind shelters for the instruments were also provided. Telephone connections were installed between the stations and with Professor Wilson's office on the aviation field. . . .

"The recorder at each station was also the telephone operator and was provided with a head and breast attachment of receiver and transmitter. When notice had been received at the field office that a flight for altitude was to be attempted, both stations were called and the standard chronometer time given. The operators' watches were compared with this standard and the results recorded. At the same time the name of the aviator and the type of machine to be used were given.

"When the aeroplane could be seen from both stations, the recorder at Station A would give the word to get ready, at which both observers trained their instruments on the aviator as being at the center of gravity of the machine. An answer of 'all right' was then passed to Station A. Each observer now followed the movements of the aeroplane by turning the upper motion with his left hand, the lower motion having been set at zero on the base line, and moving the telescope up or down by means of the tangent screw on the vertical circle with his right hand. The signal 'all right' was repeated back and forth until the recorder at Station A would say 'set,' at which the observers would cease moving the instruments and read to the recorder the resulting horizontal and vertical angles. At the same signal each recorder noted the time to the nearest second. The recorded time reduced to standard time served to identify corresponding observations. Eight series of observations were taken on five different days during the meet. . . .



By courtesy of "Engineering News," New York.

AVIATION FIELD AND BASE LINE (A-B).

The dotted curves show part of the course of Brookins' flight on September 10, when he made the record height of the meet, 4,725 feet.

"While there is nothing new in the methods thus employed in determining altitude, the conditions were such as to call for smoothly working instruments in perfect adjustment, and the observers and recorders had necessarily to be on the alert and have their wits about them and their attention entirely on their work.

"Approximate heights obtained by sextant observations were announced on the field after each flight; barometers and other apparatus were also sent up on the aeroplanes, but the official altitudes were computed from the observations described above and were worked out each evening and given to the press for publication in the morning papers."

MOUNTAIN SICKNESS OF AVIATORS

MOUNTAIN-CLIMBERS tell us that at great altitudes disagreeable physiological symptoms manifest themselves. Some assert that these can be detected at heights of a few thousand feet, and many say that they are unable to live in cities like Denver, Col., which its citizens are fond of reminding us is "a mile high." What would be the result if, instead of attaining these altitudes from sea-level by the slow process of climbing, we could be transported from one level to the other in a few minutes? This is precisely what happens in a lofty aeroplane flight, where the ascent takes but a short time and the descent is made in four or five minutes from an elevation of perhaps 8,000 feet. We know that quick transition from high to low pressure in the caisson of a subaqueous tunnel may have fatal results. Something of the same sort occurs in aviation, and may account for some of the mysterious accidents, we are told by a writer in *The Lancet* (London, November 5). This new problem of the physiological effects upon the aviator seems to have attracted little notice, he remarks. We read:

"The rapid ascent to great altitudes exposes the body to conditions different from any terrestrial ones. Mountain-climbing offers some analogy, but it differs in the fact that the transition from the high atmospheric pressure of the sea-level to a low pressure takes place much more slowly. In the *Gazette Hebdomadaire des Sciences Médicales de Bordeaux* of September 25 Prof. R. Moulinier has reported some interesting observations on the blood-pressure of aviators who have ascended to high altitudes."

On alighting after ascending to a height of four or five thousand feet, the aviator's hands and feet are blue, his eyes are bloodshot, and his pulse is high. He has headache and ringing in the ears. Sometimes there is a tendency to sleep, and this may be felt even during flight. After the flight the blood-pressure is always increased, sometimes by 30 to 40 per cent. To quote further:

"This increase in pressure is all the more remarkable as the aviators were athletes in full training. The rise was less marked in aviators who were fatigued. These showed palpitation of the heart and marked acceleration of the pulse (108). In one case [symptoms] . . . of functional insufficiency of the heart, and vertiginous movements, were observed in an aviator who, after a flight of an hour, had reached the height of 1,000 meters [3,200 feet]. No rise in blood-pressure was found in aviators who flew at low altitudes, such as 100 to 150 meters. As to the cause of the rise in blood-pressure, Professor Moulinier puts forward the hypothesis that it is due to the sudden descent to earth in four or five minutes from a height of 1,000 to 2,000 meters which was attained in 20 to 25 minutes. . . . In the short time of the descent the circulatory system had not time to become adapted to the change of pressure. He therefore advises aviators to descend more slowly. He also points out the dangerous fatigue to which flight at high altitudes exposes the circulatory apparatus by provoking increased and irregular activity of the heart and vessels. A sound heart and supple arteries are absolutely necessary to an aviator. The list of distressing fatalities to aviators has become comparatively long in a very short time. The accidents are always attributed to some mechanical cause—some breakdown in the machine or unexpected current of air. No doubt this is usually true, but it seems to us quite possible that in some cases the breakdown

may have been in the human machine, which is exposed to a new and peculiar stress, both physical and psychical. It is curious that this point does not seem to have received attention."

ETHICS OF THE DERAILING SWITCH

A DERAILING switch, as our readers doubtless know, is a device for throwing a train off the track if its engineer disregards a danger signal. Naturally it is used only in places where the train would meet a far worse fate if it continued on the track, as where an open draw confronts it. Naturally also, the derailing is made as innocuous as possible, often by leading the train into a nice, soft sand-bank of gradually increasing depth. The editor of *Railway and Locomotive Engineering* (New York, November) queries, however, whether the throwing of a train-load of passengers from the track is the only thing that will save them from disaster. He writes:

"A locomotive engineer with a derail open in front of him so that the train will infallibly leave the track is in the presence of a most powerful agent for compelling respect for the stop signal given. No one will deny that, and probably no one would, from a theoretical standpoint, say that the object in view by those who put the derail in the track was not eminently right and proper. A stop before an open swing-bridge is imperative and the derail merely automatically and mechanically interposes a severe penalty for the infraction of the rule.

"On the other hand, a derailed train in motion is a dangerous thing. Even if no lives be lost, the engine and rolling stock suffer, the roadway is damaged, and the line more or less effectively blocked for some time. In certain cases injury to persons may result or even loss of life may take place. Terror is aroused in the minds of every one on the train who is conscious of the derailment, and grave discomfort, if nothing worse, takes place.

"It is a nice point in equity or general fair play, as we may say, whether or not travelers should be subjected to the discomfort and possible danger involved in the use of the derail. Innocent people may be frightened or hurt for the sin of a man they can not control.

"For our own part we believe that the general average locomotive engineer is a careful man, anxious to do his duty faithfully, and that in nine cases out of ten he does not require the drastic penalty of derailment to make him comprehend the seriousness of a situation he may be called on to face. The derail is a good thing to catch a chance-taker, but we do not believe that the rank and file of locomotive engineers belong to this class of railroad men. We are all making progress, and the chance-taker is not finding the modern properly operated railway a good place to do business. . . .

"Something better can no doubt be devised which will be equally effective. In these days of progress, as we have indicated, where sensible men are taking thought of their responsibilities as locomotive engineers and who want to do the right thing, and are trying to do the right thing to the best of their abilities, the situation needs revision.

"A good, workable, reliable, and efficient stop signal will eventually be substituted for the derail. Such things have been invented and have been tried.

"On subway and elevated railroads, where snow and ice do not interfere with the operation of stop signals, they are in use. Efficient devices which set the brakes in emergency, and on electrically propelled trains cut off the power, are in daily use, and be it said to the honor of the men running those trains the stop mechanism is rarely called into action. The moral effect of the stop signal is as good as the derail, and the effect, when it does operate, is not nearly so dangerous. Our hopeful prophecy is that the growing feeling which we see pervading all ranks of railroad men—the desire to make American railroads the safest in the world—will in time completely eliminate the chance-taker, and in time the derail will make way for the effective, efficient, and harmless stop signal."

"The public scarcely realizes," says *The Lancet* (London), "the excessively trying nature of the work which the telephone-exchange operators perform. . . . Life at the telephone-exchanges is neither a quiet nor a pleasant one. The work is trying and puts a constant strain on the attention, while the rigid self-control is asked for in any one who, during long business hours, has to enter upon incessant dialogs with a public that is generally in a hurry. Recently, Mr. H. Samuel, in answer to a question in the House, stated that, in view of the large number of cases of hysteria and other nervous troubles reported among the operators, an investigation has been instituted."



LETTERS AND ART



TOLSTOY'S TWO VOICES

TOLSTOY had two voices—one the voice of Tolstoy the artist, the other the voice of Tolstoy the reformer, and his critics seem to range themselves in two corresponding camps, according to the personal predilection uppermost in each one who attempts to estimate him. Artist or reformer—in which way did he serve humanity greatest? These points are debated, but appear likely to remain unsettled for a long



THE TOLSTOY FAMILY PARTY.

This group, taken on the Count's eightieth birthday, presents (from the reader's left to right, standing) his daughter Alexandra, his son Michael, son-in-law Suchotline, son Andrew. Those seated are the niece Princess Cleolenskaj, the latest married daughter Tatjana Suchotina, the Count, the Countess, his sister Marie (the nun) and the grandchild, son of Michael. In his farewell letter to his family he wrote: "I can not continue longer to live a life of luxury."

time to come. The *New York Times* extracts from both positions the residuum of essential value after the debatable part has been removed, and says that, now he has breathed his last, "his illogical philosophy, his vague and contradictory moral and social system, his benevolent and exalted vagaries, are all gone, too. He will live in history as a great and good man, great in his attainments and his genius, good because he was as true as man can well be to the ideal he cherished." In one of his writings Tolstoy divided his life into four parts. Thus:

"That splendid, innocent, joyful, poetic period of childhood up to fourteen; then the second, those dreadful twenty years, the period of coarse dissoluteness, of service, of ambition and vanity, and, above all, of sensuousness; then the third period, of eighteen years, from my marriage until my spiritual birth—a period which from the worldly point of view one might call moral, but which was limited to egotistical family cares, increase of wealth, literary success, etc.; and, lastly, the fourth period, in which I am now living and in which I hope to die."

In an editorial of more than two columns' length, the *New York Sun* (November 20) begins with giving its suffrage to the third period as the time of Tolstoy's greatest achievement. It says:

"Had Count Tolstoy followed the prayer which Turgenieff directed from his deathbed twenty-seven years ago to 'the great writer of the Russian land,' and continued in the grand style to which his genius was adapted, as in 'Anna Karenina' and 'War and Peace,' it is safe to say that he and his family would have been the happier and the world better for it; to his devoted and long-suffering wife would have been spared the mem-

ory of his desertion toward the end, and people who cared to heed sermons or draw moral teachings from books could have done so with much more surety from the artistic and indirect preaching of his novels than from the homilies to which he has limited himself for many years past. Assuredly no more powerful indictment of irregular relations between the sexes has ever been penned than 'Anna Karenina.' There are plenty of other moral lessons taught in 'War and Peace' and in those of the shorter stories which did not originate solely in a desire to lay down a rule of life and level all people downward instead of upward. From this category we should omit 'The Kreutzer Sonata' and 'Resurrection,' because both lack his best artistic quality, tho in different degrees, and belong to the hortatory class. Moreover, in both of these, as in many of his short tales written for the peasants primarily, but greatly admired by the injudicious, he either starts from false premises or swerves from his argument and line of thought in two or more directions, with the result that the logical conclusion lies between the points of his Y-shaped trains of thought or is in some other way totally at variance with the moral he evolves."

Not so does the *New York Evening Post* estimate him in a notice printed when the world was interestedly waiting the tide of events at Astapova. This writer admits that he "thinks first of the great writer who burst upon the world with such amazing power." In "War and Peace" and in the other novels "we found a master able to pierce to the very

depths of our mortal tragedy." Reading on:

"What he gave us was not entertainment or anything that can be neatly classified as realism or racial qualities, but large pictures of life, cross-sections of human nature, the whole done in the finest spirit of art that is not for a day but for all time. Yes, complain some, but what a pity that Tolstoy was not content to remain a consummate artist, and foolishly turned reformer. This is perhaps the commonest reproach leveled at the great Russian, but it seems to us completely to disregard real values. A man of extraordinary gifts may, indeed, be under an obligation to leave enduring works of art behind him, for the enjoyment of those who come after, but this does not free him from the duty of striving mightily to serve his own generation. And if, rightly or wrongly, he thinks that he has found a remedy for the social and political evils that are pressing millions down into misery, it is an immensely grander and more precious thing for him to wreak himself upon what he believes to be the good of his fellow men than to exhaust himself in his art."

"The common instinct of men does not go wrong in such matters, and the affection and veneration in which Tolstoy has been held in the latter part of his life could never have flowed to him as they have, had he remained merely a great idealistic writer and had not flung himself into the desperate combat for a better actual world. Generous-minded men who think many of his views mistaken and his efforts misdirected, yet will not question the nobility of his attitude. So long as life is more than a book, and the welfare of humanity above an artistic triumph, we must not deny the highest tribute to the man who leaves his art and works for justice. If Zola was ennobled by his coming forward heroically in behalf of Dreyfus, let us not say that Tolstoy was wrong in disappointing esthetic folk and appealing to peasants and workmen."

In some words given to the New York *Tribune* Mr. Howells attempts something of a mediation between the two points of view, seeing the essential Tolstoy in both. We read:

"Tolstoy was a realist in art and in life. It is perhaps difficult to estimate what his influence has been on contemporary humanity, but I should say it has been very great. He believed in taking the life of Christ for an example and for precept, not the dogmas of the schools; and that seems to be the tendency of the younger Christianity.

"In letters, I can not say that he left a cult, altho it may be that three of his books—'Peace and War,' 'Anna Karenina,' and 'Resurrection'—will never be surpassed. But you know Shakespeare left no school, nor Milton, nor Shelley. Zola did. He was a tremendous fellow, Zola, but he's somewhat extinct now. And that's it; the lesser man has mannerisms or even a manner, and a manner can be caught, taken up, imitated, even absorbed; but a great personality is incommunicable.

"I do not pretend to try to explain Tolstoy's later days. I have never met him, never been in communication with him, but it seems to me that he believed what he lived and that he tried to live what he believed. It was unfortunate that his belief forced itself into such poignantly dramatic expression. There he sat at one end of the table, in peasant's clothes, eating coarse food, while a footman stood at the other end of the table and served delicate viands to his family.

"There is this about such poverty as that—that it is imaginative in essence and dramatic in form, rather than real. The man experienced poverty; he lived the life of the poor, wore their clothes and ate their food, but he could not feel the dread that is never lifted from the very poor, the dread of actual want to-morrow. It was impossible that he should actually want. We see that in the very circumstances of his death, strive as he might. He did not die a peasant's death, unattended, cold, bare.

"Yet he was a very great man and a very good man—perhaps, as I have said, the greatest and the best of his time."

LITERATURE IN THE NEWEST REPUBLIC

THE PORTUGUESE revolution, whose results are still undetermined, has at least had one effect that may be called permanent. It has taught countries outside Portuguese boundaries that the little country clinging to the western slopes of Europe has a modern literature. The death of Camoëns, says Maxime Formont in *Le Figaro* (Paris), "did not check forever the growth of beautiful verse on the banks of the Tagus." Indeed, the revolution itself has its poets, and has the rare distinction among such national overturns of choosing an author, instead of a general, as first President of the Republic. Revolutionists, remarks this French writer, are usually "more disposed to banish poets from their republics than to give them the power of government," but Portugal has awarded this distinction to the poet of the "Visions of the Times," Théophile Braga. And just as he has his coadjutors in statecraft, so he has his fellow authors, who now become known for the first time to a newly interested outside world. We read of them:

"There is, then, to-day a Portuguese literature, and it lives of its own vitality side by side with that of Spain. It is characterized by differences which are almost oppositions. The spirit of Spain is rough, heroic, austere; occasionally it fears neither aridity nor realism; what is there more realistic than 'Don Quixote'? The Portuguese spirit is tender, melancholy, passionate, and voluntarily dreamy; such it appears in the admirable 'Portuguese Letters' whose authenticity and historical character have been left undisputed by the works of Luciano Cordeiro. There is one word which comes back in every page in the work of the Lusitanian writers after Camoëns: *Sandade*. Our French word, *nostalgie*, does not give an exact equivalent. *Sandade*! This word signifies at the same time both regret and desire, languor and fever; it defines the Portuguese soul.

"Thus the form which is most appropriate for this gentle spirit of Portugal is the lyric, while the Spaniards excel in the drama and in the novel. Camoëns' lyrical writings are per-

haps at once more personal and more Portuguese than his 'Lusiades' themselves."

In the first half of the nineteenth century the greatest name, we are told, is Almeida Garrett, the author of "Dona Branca." As a romantic poet he shows affinities with Sir Walter Scott; but he is even more famous as the author of a drama, "Frei Luiz de Souza," which the French critic Edgar Quinet designates as the "type of the modern tragedy in Europe." Says Mr. Formont:

"Tragedy is, indeed, the right word, for the extreme simplicity of the means employed. The slow and solemn movement of the action, the grave and religious tone, so to speak, of the style, are removed as far as possible from the Romantic drama. The theme is the same which Tennyson employed later in 'Enoch Arden' and Mr. Theuriot in 'Jean-Marie': the husband who is believed to be dead returns to find his wife remarried, and his home invaded by a stranger."

Braga while a youth at college had for his companions João de Deus Ramos (known in Portugal by his Christian name) and Authero de Quental, one the popular, the other the learned poet of the "new school"—all men of "active independence and generous idealism":

"João de Deus may be described as the Portuguese Burns. He is perhaps, among all, the one who represents best the poetical character of the race. He was born in Algarve, a rich and prosperous district; brought up in a patriarchal family, educated by the priest of the parish, his mystical and peaceful childhood explains the charm of his verses, which are as primitive as his manners. It is impossible to translate them, and it is even difficult for a foreigner to appreciate fully their intimate poetry. They breathe an atmosphere of piety, of tenderness, and of chaste voluptuousness, illumined by rays of prayer and love. A country church or beautiful virgins kneeling beneath the rainbow-colored light of large windows; such is the image which the almost celestial softness of his strophes can produce.

"Authero de Quental, whose talent was at first influenced by João de Deus, but who finally broke away from him completely, is a philosophical poet, a more bitter Sully Prudhomme. His theories came from German masters of thought, from Schopenhauer and, in particular, from Hegel, but he preserves a neatness of expression which is entirely French, and sometimes the vigorous relief of his verse reminds you of Leconte de Lisle. He is a poet less national and more artistic than João de Deus.

"His 'Modern Odes' do not mark his limit. But his 'Sonnets,' by turns idealistic, skeptical, pessimistic, and Buddhist, contain beauties which, without exaggeration, may well be termed admirable. Through the mist of metaphysics, the poet sees specters passing similar to those 'Mothers' of Greek mythology which Goethe introduced in his 'Faust,' or to the fancies of De Quincey, the opium-eater. The grave stamp of the Portuguese language gives these verses the veiled harmony of drums muffled with crape."

Mr. Formont further tells us of Querra Junquero, whose masterpiece, "The Simple Folk," ranks "among the most remarkable works of modern literature." Its rustic scenes are painted with "a peculiar emotion and charm," yet at the same time with realism. It is "a kind of religious meditation on the sufferings and grandeurs of the lowly" that rank the author as "a Southern Tolstoy." We read also of Cesario Verde, who died in 1886 before the age of thirty, but whose influence is felt in contemporary literature; of Eugenio de Castro, who has introduced symbolism into Portugal, and whose "modernity takes delight in a Gothic or Byzantine decoration." Further:

"Among the poetic talents who have revealed themselves during these last years, no one possesses more variety and at the same time is more sincere than Xavier de Carvalho. The inspiration of his collection 'Poesia Humana' embraces all the emotions of love, of fancy, and of nature. Through reverie and sweetness there palpitates a genuine Portuguese soul in this work, but we can also recognize the most complicated, often diseased, charm of our Parisian civilization."

In conclusion Mr. Formont mentions a prose writer, Eça de Queiroz, whom Zola compared favorably with Gustave

Flaubert. A diplomat in life, holding posts at London and Paris, he was by conviction an "intellectual anarchist":

"His fame rests on 'Father Amaro's Crime,' which preceded by more than ten years Zola's 'The Sin of Abbé Mourat.' The plot of the two works is almost the same. In the account by Queiroz there is a violent passion and a powerful coloring; the Portuguese province comes to life again with intensity. Next to this the novel which has done the most for the reputation of Eça de Queiroz is 'Cousin Basile' which contains marvelous scenes of truth taken from Lisbon life. Add to these pictures those which the novelist devotes to the aristocracy in 'Os Maias,' and you will have a general idea of the mundane life in the capital."—Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.

MUSIC AND MYSTICISM

KIPLING'S MISTAKEN IDEA about the impossibility of making East meet West seems to be again disproved by the marriage of Western music and Eastern mysticism. A teacher of voice who tells us he "is more interested in music than in aught else save mind, and more interested in



Illustrations for this article from "Folk-art."

SWEDISH PEASANT INTERIOR.

The carved cabinet to the left, the embroidered hangings, the various decorative details, are all home-made by the peasant proprietor.

mind than in aught else save music," reveals how he has employed the principles of "the philosophy of the Yogi and of the Vedanta" in securing beauty of tone in the singing voice. Almost as the wizard repeats his abracadabra Mr. Gordon A. Fory, writing in *The Musician* (Boston), begins his revelation by repeating this formula:

"Music itself is metaphysical. Music is as mind is. It comes to us out of the Great Soul; it has neither beginning nor end. It bubbles up within us as thought does, but is even more ethereal and less tangible."

The expression of music is tone, and its most perfect expression is vocal tone—the human voice. The writer scoffs at the idea that singing and talking are one, or that "singing is only sustained talking." To make a sound with the voice is not always to make a tone. The voice is defined as "materialized thought," or thought made manifest; but "tone is crystallized music, so far as music may be made material." From these metaphysical distinctions the writer proceeds to a description of his method derived from the Eastern mystic:

"The East Indians, greatest of mystics, use in developing the

psychic powers a system of breathing called from its ancient founders the Yogi system of the rhythmic breath. To breathe rhythmically means simply to breathe regularly and not *only* that, but to inhale, retain, and exhale the breath always through a certain length of time. To make myself more clearly understood: I inhale six seconds, retain the breath three seconds, exhale six seconds, then wait three and repeat. I may count by seconds or I may count by heart-beats, but this proportionate rhythm I must establish if I would practise the Yogi breath and obtain results.

"Now, what are the results? Anything you most desire, if it be legitimate. But observe that in inhaling you must *think* that you inhale power (or *prana*) from the Universal Source of power; that in retaining the breath you *charge* and vitalize yourself with this power; that in exhaling you send it forth to accomplish your desire. In time, if you persist, your desire will be accomplished. The mystics have proven it over and over. We of the Occident have not the time or patience to work for this control of *prana*—we can not be still and wait."

The mastery of rhythmic breath, it appears, is the first stage in the process of tone development. When that is acquired, and tone work should not begin until that is mastered, one is to apply the mind toward a tone possessing the desired qualities. We read:

"The conception of such a tone may at first be difficult, even altho the teacher may offer a splendid example. But one's concepts advance as he attempts to grasp them. Gradually the tone improves; it acquires beauty and richness and loses harshness or whatever may have been objectionable.

"For a long time, as a student, I could not understand how this improvement could come about. The same organs were there, I had acquired no conscious control over the delicate muscles which adjust the vocal mechanism; I did not even know where such muscles were or how they operated. Yet the voice grew as I *thought* beauty—I knew it and my friends knew it. What was accomplished in me has also been accomplished in many others."

By approaching music from the point of view of the Eastern mystic, it seems, one may acquire not only a mastery over one's art, but a psychical development that many may value. We are here told how:

"And here, to solve the mystery, comes the law of the rhythmic breath, itself another mystery. In a system of breathing exercises such as the singer should practise, this rhythmic swing is always approached to a greater or less degree. The solar plexus is

roused and stimulated in a natural manner, and I say unhesitatingly that the singer is more developed psychically than he would be were he not a student of voice, even altho he may not know it. I will state in a few words the system:—

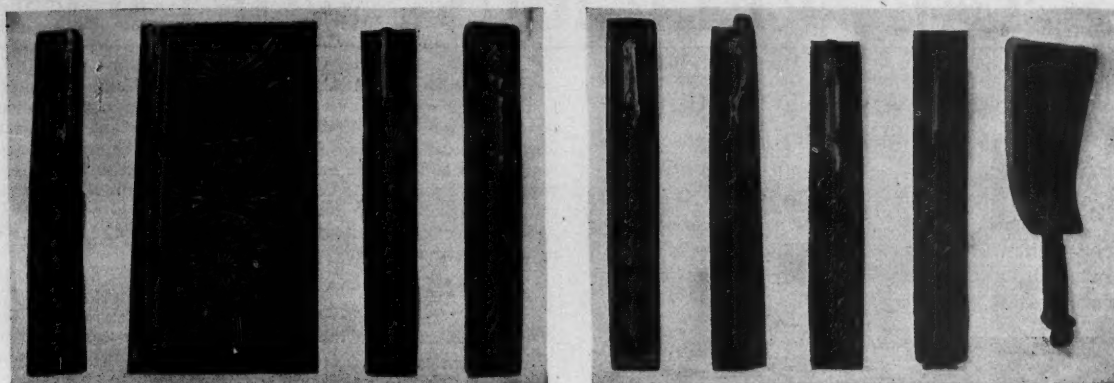
"1. Standing erect, yet loosely, or lying at ease on the back, inhale slowly with expansion chiefly at the region of the diaphragm, *thinking* that you draw within yourself from the Universal Supply all about you *beauty* as an almost tangible entity; think that beauty fills the universe and that at the center of it all is the solar plexus.

"2. Retain the breath half the length of the inhalation, mentally charging your entire being with tonal beauty.

"3. Start the tone *on the breath* through the open throat, thinking into it the beauty with which you have filled yourself. Sustain the tone as long as you took for inhaling, wait half as long and repeat the entire process.

"Do this faithfully with never a 'let up' in the *absolute concentration* of the mind upon the rhythm and upon the tonal beauty or any other desired quality. I recommend, however, that beauty be your first aim. After the desired quality is attained it may be retained by very moderate practise, even altho in singing one does not always breathe rhythmically or concentrate upon tone quality.

"At first you may find four and two an easier rhythm than six and three, but try always to keep the same ratio."



SWEDISH CARVED HAND MANGLES AND A BATLET.

These household implements are love-gifts carved by the young swain for the object of his affections.

SWEDISH PEASANT ART

OUR SCHOOLS have long been familiar with a system of physical culture derived from Sweden; in less measure we have also adopted an industrial practise termed "wood-sloyd." What we do in dilettante fashion is the common occupation of the Swedish peasant during the five months of winter when he is mainly confined within doors. "Sloyd," as we learn from a special number of *The International Studio* (New York) devoted to "Peasant Art," is an English term adopted from the Swedish "slöjd." It is applied to the making of things by individuals or families in the home, as opposed to the mass-production in factories. Every boy becomes a sloyd worker, and the incentive to this and indirectly to the highly developed peasant art of the country, is that ornamental household utensils are used as lover's presents. Hence "much care and taste were devoted to these objects of daily use." When a young man fell in love with a lass he set to work to "sloyd" a present for her; and, says Mr. Sten Granlund, who writes this monograph, "the twists and turns on the scutching-knife or mangling-board are, therefore, emblematic of the tortuous dreamland ways along which the lover's thoughts wandered while he plied his knife, and the chips fell fast to the floor." This picture of the indoor life of the Northern winter is full of interest:

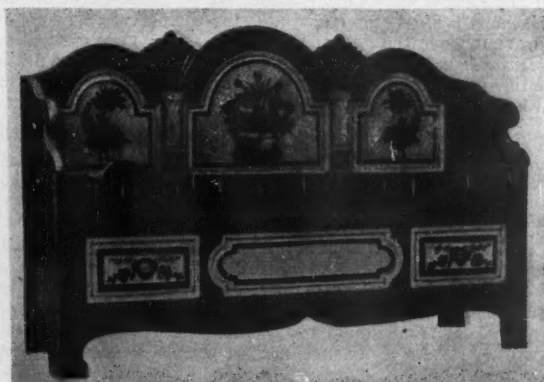
"The Swedish peasant was, and, to some extent, still is his own smith, carpenter, joiner, and painter. During the long winter months, when the snow lies deep on the ground, he has little to do outdoors. The ax, big pocket-knife, and plane provide him with work then, while the women of the family sit at their looms. And when the dark comes on early, every one assembles in the cottage, where big logs crackle on the open hearth. But no one is allowed to sit idle. The women spin and sew, the master of the house and the farmer's men work at their sloyd, while the boys take their pocket-knives and make a first attempt at forming an ax-helve. There is no hurry, for winter lasts four or five months, and for that reason they endeavor with inexhaustible patience to produce a wealth of most beautiful carving even for the most every-day objects. When we nowadays examine these sloyded things from our forefathers' times, we hardly know which to admire most: the vast length of time that was spent on the decoration of the various articles, or the original manner in which every peasant sought to employ in his own compositions the styles of art that prevailed at different periods."

The Northern Museum at Stockholm contains a great wealth of material for the study of the art-loving nature and artistic taste of the Swedish peasant. There are collections of harness, saddles, and horse-collars "in which all styles are represented, from the animal figures of Viking times down to flourishes of the rococo period." It was "with no little pride that the peasant, when driving to church, let everybody see what brilliantly colored and finely ornamented carriage-gear he had. And if

there happened to be snow on the ground he could show his neighbors a sledge grandly carved and displaying all the colors of the rainbow." We read further:

"Still greater artistic skill was expended on the implements employed by the women for preparing flax; on spinning-wheels and on looms. . . . The calenders or mangling-boards occupy a prominent place in the Museum's collections, both on account of their great number and also from the manifold types represented. This domestic utensil, which was used before the invention of the modern mangle, was a necessary article in every household. The mangling implement in question consists of an oblong rectangular board, the width of which varies between one-fourth and one-ninth of the length. It is provided with one, sometimes two handles, and a cylindrical rod or roller forms part of the apparatus. The linen was wound round the roller, which was then rolled backward and forward on the table by means of the board. The upper surface and the edges were richly decorated, in accordance with the prevailing style or the taste of the maker, and the handles, which often have the form of a conventional horse, were the object of the special care of the sloyd. The oldest mangle in the possession of the Museum—it dates from the beginning of the seventeenth century—is, on the whole, a rudely made and somewhat clumsy implement, with renaissance ornamentation, a style of decoration which prevailed for about a hundred years, but which, toward the close of the seventeenth century, was gradually superseded by a newer one. It seems as if the home-sloyd artists had a difficulty in following the development of the renaissance into the baroque, rococo, etc., and had, instead, retraced their steps and once more adopted ornamental motives which, it is quite certain, were derived from medieval times. In this manner the village craftsmen have developed that characteristic geometrical style of decoration which, in our days, has been revived under the name of 'the peasant style.'"

Furniture as well as household implements were carved at home, and "in order to improve the general effect, the carvings were often painted in simple, unmixed colors which, used in moderation, quite attain the end for which they were employed."



PAINTED SOFA-BED FROM HÄRJEDALEN.



HINDUISM'S AWAKENED SOCIAL CONSCIENCE

HINDUISM has in part abandoned its old attitude of opposition to Christianity and is trying now to see what imitation will do. With a frank acknowledgment that Christianity outstrips Hinduism in good works among the poor, it has set about, with a quickened social conscience, to try to save some of these "unconsidered trifles" for its own fold.



LALA LAJPAT RAI,

A prominent Hindu social reformer who admits that Christianity has awakened in India "the spirit of sympathy for all distress and misery."

Prithwis Chandra Ray, a cultivated Hindu, writing editorially in *The Indian World* (Calcutta), a leading monthly review, frankly avers:

"We must admit, as most of our Hindu contributors from Lala Lajpat Rai downward have all admitted, that our dormant sense of social equality and purity has been quickened and brought into play by our contact with Christian civilization.

"Christianity has done as much to purify our life and morals in modern times as Buddhism did in an earlier day. Like Buddhism it has again taught us to treat women and deprest classes with greater consideration than our fathers used to do. It has reawakened among us the spirit of sympathy for all distress and misery, no matter where found or under what circumstances."

Writing in *The Indian Review*, another of India's well-known periodicals, printed in Madras, the Hon. Mr. T.

V. Seshagiri Aiyer offers this similar testimony:

"The work of the foreign missions is waking up the educated classes of India. It has made them realize that they would be losing ground if they neglect to raise these deprest classes."

He cites figures to prove his contention that Hinduism is losing adherents through conversion to Christianity:

"Comparing the figures of the last three censuses, for the Madras Presidency, I find that whereas in 1881 out of every 10,000 people there were 9,143 Hindus, 620 Mohammedans, and 228 Christians; in the year 1891, the census showed 8,983 Hindus, 630 Mohammedans, and 244 Christians for every 10,000; in 1901 the figures were 8,916 Hindus, 642 Mohammedans, and 269 Christians. These figures speak for themselves. I feel no doubt that when the figures of the next census are announced, it will be found that the Christian and Mohammedan population will have considerably increased, while the Hindu population will have decreased proportionately."

In his opinion the conversion of the low-caste Indian to Christianity leads to disunion in the land, therefore he urges his people to elevate the pariah instead of compelling him to go to the missionaries. As he puts it:

"I am not sorry that Hindus are leaving their traditional faith in consequence of the endeavors of the missionaries to raise these deprest classes. I am not afraid that the great religion of this land will thereby lose its hold upon its children. I am only sorry for the disunion and social disintegration, which this involves. . . . As soon as a low-caste man becomes a convert, the village has to face a new situation. Land disputes arise, criminal proceedings are taken, and the village autonomy is

torn asunder. This is no fanciful picture. I can cite specific instances of what I have stated. The feeling of unity disappears and you have in the village and elsewhere a spirit of antagonism and unhealthy rivalry. . . . A Christian convert from Hinduism seldom takes part in our national movements. With rare exceptions he keeps aloof from our political organizations. It is therefore necessary that we should earnestly and seriously work up this question as statesmen, as men with humane instincts."

Mr. Aiyer thinks that the apathy of the people, rather than the dictates of religion, keeps Indians from manfully engaging in the uplift of the pariah, 50,000,000 of whom are condemned by Hinduism to grovel eternally at the foot of the social, intellectual, and moral ladder. He observes:

"Let us see whether there is any reason for this supineness and failure of the higher classes to raise the standard of living, of comfort, and of respectability of the lower classes. Does religion stand in the way? Ours is the most tolerant of all religions. We count all sorts of beliefs as pertaining to Hinduism. Atheists and agnostics are Hindus and Lord Sir Krishna has said that no caste can claim him and no clan. It is the pure in heart and the selfless that are dear and near to him. In our Puranic legends no name stands in higher estimation than that of Prahlad. He was not a Brahman. He was outside the pale of castes. . . . What then stands in the way of our recognizing these sons of India as entitled to a more considerate treatment? It is inertia and unwillingness to move out of the groove, and nothing more. The regeneration of the Pan-chamas should be undertaken by Hindus, and should not be left to the efforts of mission agencies."

The Hindu writer passionately appeals to his countrymen to give a new status to the outcasts, if not for a humanitarian reason, then for the simple selfish purpose of preventing them from straying into the missionary fold. He writes:

"Is it not time that we took stock of our influence and of the forces at work around us, and adopted a different attitude, if not in the name of humanity, at least in self-interest? One would have thought that contact with other civilizations and the progress of democratic principles all over the world would have opened the eyes of educated Indians to the necessity of recasting their social code. The days of vested rights are gone. No one has any right to the respect of his fellow men and to the love of his neighbors, who bases his claim on birth or parentage. We have failed to realize this. The Brahman, no doubt, is most to blame for this want of foresight, but I am convinced that the classes next below him in the social scale are no less guilty. They are not hampered by the same countervailing influences as the Brahman is. They are not subject to the same rigid observances of ceremonies which the Brahman observes and which prevent him from moving more

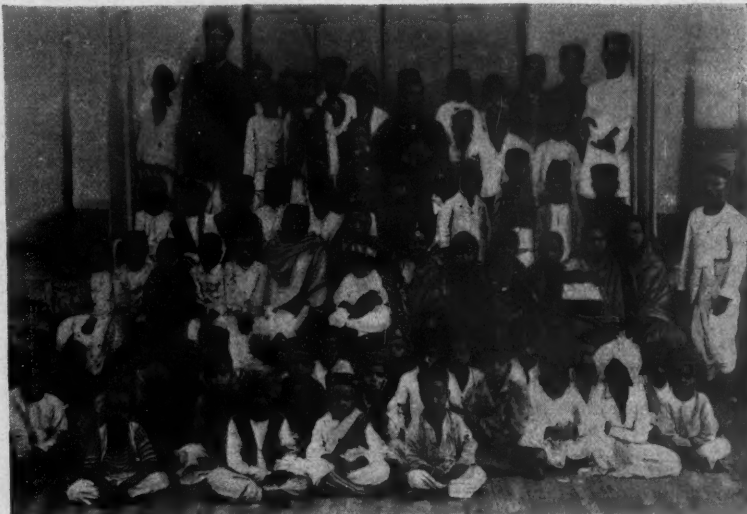


A TYPICAL LOW-CLASS HINDU GIRL.
A pupil at the Parel School.

freely with the low-class man. Probably it is just and right that the initiative should come from the Brahman. But the responsibility for the failure to grasp the strength of the forces at work round them is as much on the other classes as on the Brahman. They should not fail to recognize that their short-sighted attitude will soon annihilate them, if betimes they do not devise means to check the depletion of the Hindu society by its adherents forsaking the faith of their ancestors."

To this eloquent plea we may add that of Mr. P. R. Aiyer, B.A., B.L., made at the Provincial Conference recently held at Kurnool, in the Madras Presidency:

"Our duties as citizens include, in a special degree, our duty to those known as the deprest classes. . . . It is a matter of primary importance, whether you regard it politically or from the point of view of our duty as fellow members of the same community. From whatever point of view we may look at it, we have sadly failed in the past. . . . Not merely are we inhuman, but such treatment is also a source of great political danger. Not only do we lose the cooperation of a very large section of the community, but it is quite possible that our acts would result in their being permanently estranged from us. If we are not prepared to elevate them, there are others who, being moved by feelings of humanity, are prepared to do the work. Are you prepared to say 'We cast you away; go where you will'? Are we not rather prepared to repair the wrong done them, to extend to them our right hand, and assure them that hereafter we shall treat them as our equals in all matters where equality is proper, in all matters where humanity and common citizenship make the demand?"



TEACHING STAFF AND PUPILS OF THE PAREL SCHOOL.

These are specimens of the "deprest class" that Hinduism is now trying to educate and elevate.

WANTED—A NEGRO PREACHER

THE QUESTION of electing a bishop from the negro race was considered in recent conferences of the Protestant Episcopal and Methodist Episcopal Churches, but no action was taken. The reasons alleged were somewhat indefinite, being covered by the general term "inexpedience." But a negro editor, Dr. Robert E. Jones, of *The Southwestern Christian Advocate* (New Orleans), asserts that the reason is that the negro race has produced no preacher of preeminence. This to him is a matter for some wonder, especially as his people are of a giftedly religious nature. In other walks where the race has not been able to follow its leaders in anything like such numbers negroes stand out prominently, Booker Washington in education, H. O. Tanner in art, C. B. Mason in oratory, Laurence Dunbar in poetry—men "who have not only made the race their debtors, but the civilization as well of which they are a part."

Dr. Mason, whose article is quoted evidently with approval by another negro journal, *The Christian Index* (Jackson, Tenn.) observes:

"The negro is widely advertised and makes strenuous claims that he is a religious people. Some are bold to assert that the particular niche of the negro in the civilization of the future will be the conservator of religion. We have no dispute with these prophets, for, if we were inclined to prophesy, we would, no doubt, make some such utterance. But in spite of the success of the negro along various lines, and in spite of the fact that the negro is of a religious temperament, and in spite of the fact that there are approximately 10,000 negroes who are ministers of the gospel, we have no man among us who has made outstanding and unquestioned success as a preacher. In making this statement we are not unmindful of the fact that here and there are preachers who have local reputations and who are somewhat known in the nation, but there is no towering, masterful, persuasive preacher of the gospel. There is

certainly no man among us who is to the nation what Talmage or Moody or Beecher was. Nor is there any man among us who is the undisputed Talmage or Moody or Beecher of the race. True enough, we have the spiritual temperament. Our preachers are particularly apt in the giving of the gospel narrative and expounding the truth. There are men of piety, and, in some instances, there are men of scholarly attainments, but

the preacher has not yet arrived. We are not attempting to assign a reason for this, we are simply stating a fact."

The statement of this fact emphasizes the need. More than this, "the race pleads," he declares, for a preacher to stand as equal with Washington, Tanner, Dunbar, and Dubois. He continues:

"When he comes he must be clothed in undisputed righteousness; he must know the problems of life that are about him; he must be acquainted with the history that has preceded him, of his race and of all races in Church and in State; he must have the passion of the fathers for the preaching of the simple gospel truth; he must be a man of prayer—incessant prayer; he must be a man of sound body as well as of sound mind; his vision must be undimmed by denominational prejudices and predilections; and he must be given to the one work of the preaching of the gospel. This magnificent post of honor is vacant; he who fills it will fill a unique position and will be crowned with undying fame and will have an opportunity of large service. Who will be the man? Has he been born or do we await another?"

In this condition lies the secret, says *The Western Christian Advocate* (Detroit), "of no negro ever having been elected to the regular episcopacy of the Methodist Episcopal Church." Further:

"Other things being equal, and given such a preacher as Phillips Brooks, nothing could prevent the elevation of that negro to a seat among our bishops.

"Prejudice would not stop him. White man's ambition would not stop him. Nothing could stop him.

"At two or three General Conferences a negro delegate received very large support for the office of bishop, yet he had no such pulpit qualifications as Dr. Jones refers to, and his executive abilities were not eminently commanding.

"If our negro conferences could produce a pulpit master, worthy and well qualified in other ways, he would be chosen a bishop, just as Dr. Mason has been chosen secretary and Dr. Jones editor, and all this recent talk about the necessity of separating from our Church in order to get a bishop would go for nothing.

"Our negro brethren will get a bishop when they get the preacher who can get the votes, and the votes will be forthcoming just as soon as the preacher is."

AFRICAN MISSIONS AS SEEN BY MR. ROOSEVELT

THEODORE ROOSEVELT is optimistic about the work of missionaries in British East Africa and Uganda. He went and saw and judged with a calmness based upon his experience with the difficulties of a mixt people dwelling in the same land. In any country such as that of East Africa, where we have whites thrown in contact with the mass of savages, hostility is apt to grow up among the different classes. The officials do not like the settlers or the missionaries; and the settlers do not like the missionaries or the officials, he declares. A traveler will always hear the missionary work decried by men who have lived on the ground and who honestly believe they are good observers. Such was Mr. Roosevelt's experience, but, as he told a Methodist missionary gathering in Baltimore, he had the proper corrective. In *The North-western Christian Advocate* (Chicago) we read:

"Fortunately, I had been out West a good deal and I had sifted for myself the statements that both settlers and Army officers used to tell me about the Indian, and I knew that much of it was not so—I knew that because I knew the Indians. And so I was not surprized, but I was greatly pleased, to find that on the average the mission boy who had received some education at one of the mission schools was raised incomparably above his former pagan comrades.

"Now, of course, I do not mean to say for a moment that you can not pick out an occasional mission station where no good work has been done. Missionaries are human like everybody else, and there are other walks of life where I could pick out occasional members of any profession who amount to very little. Of course, you take a well-meaning little fellow whose zeal outruns his knowledge and he may find himself pitifully unable to grapple with new and strange and sometimes very terrible conditions. But, as a rule, I was immensely impressed with the improvement in the character of the natives who had been under missionary control. We had one of our headmen, a mission boy, who used to receive regularly in the mail, every week—his mail would come as regularly as mine—the missionary pamphlet printed in the native character. And really I wished I had had the time to get him to translate it, as I am sure it must have been interesting from the way he read it. He was a very intelligent and very self-respecting man. I am mentioning merely one—and I could mention a number of instances of that kind, where I came into contact with improved natives.

"I found one partial explanation of the insistent allegations of mission boys going wrong. Of course a percentage, a considerable percentage, of the mission boys do go back into paganism—a percentage turn out badly. I have never yet known in any of our own colleges a class every member of which did well. And a percentage of mission boys may drift into the towns, and, for instance, be among those engaged as porters. Well, as they are the castaways of the missions, they naturally fail to do well as porters, and the man who has engaged one will condemn all mission boys because there is a rejected missionary boy who has done badly as a porter in his outfit. Taking the Africans as a whole, I am certain that any unprejudiced witness will testify to the improvement wrought. Now mind, I am speaking of British East Africa, where the cultural development of the tribes is low, where they are still in such primitive savagery that it is impossible to expect to bridge over in a few years the great gulf between them and our civilization."

Of the extent of the field of his observations Mr. Roosevelt remarks:

"I visited a number of missions in British East Africa, in Uganda, which is right in the heart of the continent, lying as it does on both sides of the equator and right in the middle of Africa—in the Upper Nile regions and near Egypt. In East Africa the missions that I visited were the American Interdenominational Mission, under Mr. Hurlburt, at Cawjaba, with its branches here and there; and a Scotch Presbyterian mission. In Uganda there were the missions of the English Established Church; in the Sudan and in Egypt, the Reformed Presbyterian Church. Of course I saw widely different stages of success attained by the different missions. That depended partly upon the missionaries themselves, and, of course, partly upon the

material with which they had to work. A farmer in the arid belt has a good deal harder time of it than one on the bottom lands of the Mississippi Valley; and it is just the same way in missionary work."

In Uganda, where a much higher cultural stage has been reached by the natives, a totally different state of things was found. He gives us here some details of native life:

"They had developed a semi-civilization, a sort of advanced barbarism of their own; they had some settled industries. They made a cloth out of the inner bark of a certain peculiar tree they had there; they were cunning ironworkers, 'workers in iron,' as the Biblical phrase has it; they had musical instruments; they had herds of cattle and goats; they were industrious cultivators of the soil. They had a fairly well-developed governmental system—almost a representative system—not an elective system, but a representative system. They were under a cruel and bloodthirsty tyranny, but they had great capacity for development. And, fortunately, they were taken by the pioneers of Christianity in the very nick of time.

"The Mohammedans reached them from the North just about the time that the Christian missionaries reached them coming in from the East Coast. Now, as all of you who are acquainted with conditions in North Africa know, while Mohammedanism unquestionably works some temporary good in any pagan tribe, and brings them up to a distinctly higher stage of culture, ethical and intellectual, it unfortunately petrifies them at that stage, so that they can not easily advance further, and become impervious to Christian missionary effort, or well-nigh impervious. And if the Mohammedans had had time to make these Uganda people Mohammedans, we would have had the extreme difficulty in dealing with them that Christian missionaries encounter everywhere in Moslem lands."

While Christianity and Mohammedanism were competing for Uganda, a pagan reaction was suddenly threatened. "The pagans said they would drive all intruders out of the country." Then this happened:

"The Christians and the Mohammedans joined forces and said, 'At least we all believe in the Book.' They had a book, the Bible in one case and the Koran in the other; and they said, 'We all believe in the Book, and now we will prevent these pagans from driving us out of the country.' And they joined to stop the pagan revolt. Afterward, most fortunately, the Christians got the upper hand and saved the country. Now I wish I could show you what Christianity saved Uganda from. Perhaps I may in this way. When I passed through the Sudan tribe I saw on every hand what the Mahdi rule had meant in the Sudan. Mahdism was really an outbreak of various Mohammedan proselyters which reproduced in the nineteenth century just the conditions of the seventh century. Well-meaning people, who did not know anything of the facts, would express sympathy with the Mahdists on the ground that they were struggling for independence. They cared for independence for just two reasons. In the first place, to kill out every Christian; and in the next place to establish the slave-trade. Those were the two cardinal principles of the government of the Mahdists. Theirs was a cruelty of which we in our lives can form no realization. I passed through village after village in the Sudan where I could see native schools established in connection with the Gordon Memorial College. I would see a native school with a native teacher and lots of children up to twelve years of age, and perhaps three or four over that, and I asked about it. They said, 'Those are the Government children.' And I asked them what they meant. *All children were killed except as the Government took possession.* I came upon tribes of pagans where there would be children and old men, and no, or practically no, men of middle age, because they had all been killed out by the Mahdists. I would come upon the traces of communities where we would find still on the ground the remains of the old tribal fires, the fires of the villages where every living being had been killed. The figures will show this, that out of about ten millions of people, nearly seven millions were killed during the years of the Mahdi uprising. Now that is what Christianity saved Uganda from; that is what missionary effort saved Uganda from. It saved it from sufferings of which we, in our sheltered and civilized lives, can literally form only the most imperfect idea, and I do wish that the well-meaning people who laugh at or decry missionary work could realize what the missionary work has done right there in Middle Africa."



A GUIDE TO THE NEW BOOKS



SOME OF THE BEST BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

New books for children, as well as new books for adult readers, become each year more varied and perplexing to purchasers. In the following pages an attempt has been made, first, to select from the great mass published this year twenty-five which, if not actually the best, are believed to be among the best; second, to present a list of older books; and third, to give a selection from the favorite general lists of publishers. These three lists and the notices which accompany them have been in preparation for several weeks. The notices have been written in a critical rather than a merely descriptive or an amiably laudatory spirit. An unfavorable word, however, need not mean that the reader is to ignore the book referred to. All are believed to be good, each of its kind.

A SELECT LIST OF TWENTY-FIVE

Brown, Abbie Farwell. *The Christmas Angel.* Pp. 82. Illustrations by Reginald Birch. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 60 cents net.

We do not know when Miss Brown has written a more agreeable story for young folks; one might say that she was doubly handicapped at the outset; first, because "The Christmas Angel" challenges comparison with Dickens' "Christmas Carol," and second, because its ethical object is emphasized so persistently that it suggests "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." There is nothing original in a hardened heart being transformed by the Christmas spirit, but Miss Brown has so marshaled a number of familiar events as to give them a sweetness that is passing from the literature of the Christmas season. This spirit is very largely aided by Mr. Birch's drawings, which take us back to the days when he helped to make "Little Lord Fauntleroy" so distinctive.

The little story is recommended unreservedly; it makes good reading aloud, and bears repeating. Among the many volumes that have come to our desk, it is the only one thus far bearing the word *Christmas* upon its cover.

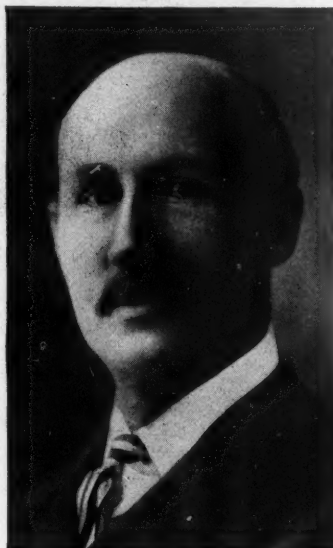
Brown, Katherine Holland. *Philippa at Halcyon.* Pp. 422. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

There are two excellent qualities about this book for girls: first, its author, being college-bred, knows what college life is; second, its author knows how to write. On the other hand, there is a big defect in the story: its moral quality is too well planned out, each chapter almost serving as a lesson. No reader will mind the quickness with which Philippa was taken into the inner circle of the college; the fun these girls have is too real to quibble over small details. The book will repay every one who reads it, for it is wholesome and frank.

Burroughs, W. Dwight. *The Wonderland of Stamps.* Pp. 238. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$2.

Boys usually locate stamps by comparing the stamp itself with its reproduction in an album. In this new book, a different method is used, which goes to illustrate that the wide-awake collector may learn much history, and equally as much geography, by giving a little thought to the matter. Mr. Burroughs writes of the historical significance of the details on the most important stamps of the world; he arranges his collection, not according to countries or in alphabetical order, but in accordance with the dominant feature of each stamp's design. His chapter-heads in-

dicate his method: "The Smallest Show on Earth" includes stamps depicting animals of varied climes; "The Songless Aviary" is what its name implies; and "Thumb-Nail Maps" is likewise sufficiently descriptive. The book contains two hundred figures on twenty-five plates; its great blemish lies in the narrative form of the text, through which a "good-natured" uncle tells his niece and nephews all they want to know. Why can not authors realize that direct and graphic description is more effective than priggish



WALTER CAMP,
Author of "The Book of Football."

questioning and stilted answering? Notwithstanding, Mr. Burroughs has accomplished a task which will afford pleasure to many young collectors.

Camp, Walter. *Book of Football.* [Walter Camp's Library of Sport.] Pp. 363. New York: The Century Co. \$2 net.

This is an entertaining book, wherein not only does the early history of football find full discussion, but also the pros and cons of the "new" game. With such a treatise in his hands, the novice may gain sufficient acquaintance with football to serve him at a real contest; with such a treatise, the enthusiast may strengthen his opinions and decisions. For Mr. Camp is America's authority on all sporting subjects, and he writes not only entertainingly on technical points, but the human touches in his book are very striking. Especially of interest to college men will be that chapter on "Personality in Football," where the distinctive players are lined up—a regular "Who's who" in the football world, past and present.

There is one note sounded by Mr. Camp that in its manliness escapes the charge of sentimentality: that is his continual appeal for honesty in sport. In order to play any game squarely, one must have the instincts of a gentleman. While "The Book of Football" is issued in juvenile format, it is intended for the general reader of any age. It is full of anecdote, and fairly bristles with pictures. When Yale and Harvard can at-

tract 35,000 people to the game, there is no gainsaying the wide interest in this sport. We predict a large circulation for Mr. Camp's book.

Collins, Francis A. *The Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes.* Pp. 308. New York: The Century Co. \$1.20 net.

Few of us realize how much boys are accomplishing in the field of aviation, but after reading Mr. Collins' book there will be a sense that they are doing a great deal. For example, there is a Junior Aero Club of New York with a roster of two hundred members. Now, the models made by these young aeronauts may not be perfect, but they can fly, and their defects or excellences are suggestive study. Mr. Collins is practical in his suggestions as to how to build and fly aeroplanes; he is also very graphic in what he has to say of the history and science of aviation. His story is brought up to date, and is copiously illustrated.

In this book the technical calculations are entirely omitted. The next book we mention is not intended for the layman at all, but for the skilled mechanic versed in the mathematics of flying, M. Robert Petit's "How to Build an Aeroplane" (D. Van Nostrand Co., \$1.50 net) will be of value. It has been translated from the French by T. O. Hubbard and J. H. Ledebour.

Duncan, Norman. *Billy Topsail and Company.* Pp. 318. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. \$1.50.

We have had occasion many times to recommend Mr. Duncan's first volume, introducing Billy Topsail, the young hero of the far north. Therefore, when we saw a second volume bearing his name upon the cover, we picked it up with some misgivings, for sequels are never a success. But we had only proceeded a few chapters when we recognized the old tang, and the same zest, with no abatement of picturesque adventure. The stories are not closely knit together; in fact, they appeared in various magazines at various times.

The boys of this rousing "penny dreadful" go forth in a vessel with the fantastic name of *Spot Cash*, to trade in competition with the piratical owner of the *Black Eagle*. The situations arising from such beginnings keep the reader's attention to the very end—an end which significantly closes with two words fairly characterizing the whole volume, "fine delight."

Gillmore, Inez Haynes. *Phoebe and Ernest.* Pp. 353. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.

The first chapter of this book will convince one that its author is a keen observer of children. And because of this fact, her story will have quite as much interest for older people as for young readers. It deals simply with the thoughts, feelings, and struggles of two children growing up. In that first chapter we have humorous descriptions of how parents feel as the transformation takes place; the father's distress that his daughter is becoming a young lady with thoughts upon dress and sweethearts; the mother's shock over the fact that her son shaves. It is all very human and humorous.

Hutton, Henry, and Plate, Adrian. *Magicians' Tricks: How They Are Done.* Pp. 344. New York: The Century Co. \$1.60 net.

There is no telling how many hours of unalloyed pleasure this volume will bring, not

after casual examination, but after close study, for trickery demands deftness. "The conjurer must be an actor," the editors claim, which means that he must deceive the eye in order to give time to the hand. What he is able to do with cards, with coins, with balls and eggs, with handkerchiefs, and with miscellaneous objects, depends upon the grace with which he can lead the observer astray.

Not relying on their own resources, the editors are indebted to "others of their brother conjurers who have generously contributed explanations of tricks." This book, therefore, is an official text-book, so to speak. It describes graphically, but in no way does it guarantee easy accomplishment. With such a guide, nevertheless, one can master many diverting tricks which are sure to afford amusement at the opportune time. Its appeal is not strictly juvenile.

"Rainy-Day Pastimes for Children," by the Baroness Von Palm (Dana Estes & Co., \$1), is, however, aimed to occupy boys and girls of the kindergarten age. In fact, this is nothing more than a play-book for the school-room; there is nothing novel in it, while the designs are somewhat trying on youthful eyes. In the hands of a teacher, some occupation might be drawn from its pages.

Hughes, Rupert. *The Lakerim Cruise.* Pp. 248. New York: The Century Co. \$1.50.

"The Lakerim Athletic Club" was an excellent story for boys. Mr. Hughes carries his heroes into a new volume and, in a naively crude manner, tells of their adventures and of their sports. One of their number runs away, and his comrades set out to find him; their canoe takes them nearly to the Mississippi River, where they find the culprit having by no means an easy career. On the way home they are challenged many times, and, entering boyishly into various games, they show their powers to excellent advantage. Mr. Hughes employs a bare style; he has set out to interest boys, and he has succeeded, tho "The Lakerim Cruise" is not above the average.

Ingelow, Jean. *Mopsa the Fairy.* Pp. 257. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50. [In the same edition one finds *Louise de la Ramée's*: "Stories for Children," "A Dog of Flanders"; and George Macdonald's "At the Back of the North Wind."]

These stories are too familiar for any extensive comment. We mention them because they are reprints worthy of attention from the bookbuyer. The three books should be on every shelf, for they are juvenile classics which have already brought pleasure to thousands.

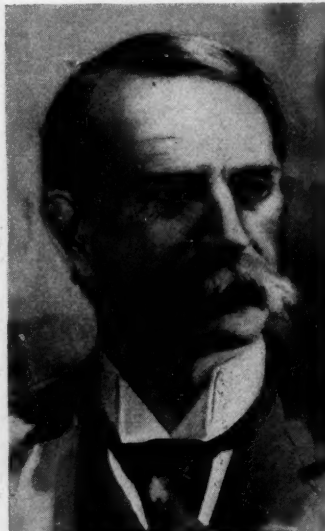
Jenks, Tudor. *When America Became a Nation.* Pp. 308. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.25.

This is the third volume in an American history series, which deserves the careful attention of public-school educators, since it deals with social and economic problems confronting our nation at crucial periods in its growth. And no more important period could be than that embraced between the years 1790 and 1850. Mr. Jenks makes use of the familiar events and dates, but he uses the modern method of reproducing the spirit behind these historical occurrences. Without being an historian, in the real sense of the word, Mr. Jenks has historical feeling; without being original in his researches, which are usually confined to a few recognized authorities, Mr. Jenks is sure in his arrangements and positive in his point of view. For this special reason, "When America Became a Nation" is a suggestive little volume, out of

the general run of the usual text-book. Its illustrations are well chosen, and it contains a map, a chronological table, a bibliography, and a concise index.

Kipling, Rudyard. *Rewards and Fairies.* Pp. 344. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

Many people will consider that this volume, in continuation of "Puck of Pook's Hill," is far beyond the average comprehension of children, and we are of the same opinion. But for the exceptional child and for all grown people, this latest Kipling volume will be a joy forever. Richness of characterization, delicacy of mysticism, exquisite balance of fact and fancy, stamp the stories in "Re-



PALMER COX,
Author of "The Brownie Books."

wards and Fairies"; Una and Dan drift into the realm of Puck by an excellent method which only Kipling's literary style can manage; the scenes are not projected upon canvas; they are tremulously launched in atmosphere. Mr. Kipling has not lost his magic deftness, whether it be prose or poetry; his "The Wrong Thing" is after the manner of Browning, even tho it be in prose; his introductory verses either have the true ballad ring as in "A Truthful Song," or else contain a shout of right energy as in "If." His is a notable book of the holiday season.

Lyman, Edna. *Story Telling: What to Tell and How to Tell It.* Pp. 229. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 75 cents.

Here is a useful little book on a subject that is growing to be of general interest. It belongs to the series begun by Mr. Fields's "Fingerposts to Children Reading." We are glad to see that the author attempts to place the responsibility of children's culture upon society as reflected in public institutions of learning; we sympathize with her desire to revive the lost art of reading aloud. In fact, the object of the book—to aid mothers, librarians, and teachers, too busy to give special attention to story-telling, is commendable. The history of story-telling has yet to be traced adequately, but in this small volume the essentials for the amateur are succinctly described, while actual programs are followed by the stories themselves. Such bibliographies as one finds on page 160 and in the final pages can not fail to prove of service.

Major, Charles. *The Little King.* Pp. 249. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

The author of "When Knighthood was in Flower" has written an entertaining historical story dealing with the boyhood of Louis XIV., and with Sweet Mam'selle, his one true friend at court, with whom he had his first real Christmas in the slums of Paris. Mr. Major's style is simple and effective, his invention not without true basis, for "The Little King" presents an adequate picture of the times. Throughout the book there are pen-and-ink sketches, as well as a few color plates by J. A. Williams, imitative of Boutet de Monvel.

Masefield, John. *Martin Hyde: The Duke's Messenger.* Pp. 303. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

John Masefield's first work was as a saloon-keeper on Third Avenue; his first book was composed of short sketches descriptive of that work. He now occupies the position of prolific story-teller, and he is a dramatist of wonderful scope and technic. This book for boys is written in a virile style; it perhaps loses by reason of its being told in the first person, but the incidents that impede the Pretender's impetuous page, make a narrative of holding quality. There are notable passages throughout the story; there are picturesque phrases revealing Masefield as distinctive in expression. Some will say that the hero is too old for the marvels he accomplishes, for the strategy he employs, but where romance is concerned there is no need to question; some also will feel that there are long spaces of prosaic description which clog the action of this adventure, but boys know how to skip, and this is essentially a boy's book. We recommend it for its manliness, for its direct appeal. It might have had more movement about it, but why quarrel with the man for not having written another book, instead of the one he did write, which is not bad but far above the average?

Newell, Peter. *The Slant Book.* Illustrated. Pp. 48. New York: Harper & Bros.

Mr. Peter Newell's "The Hole Book" sold like a popular novel, and its cleverness was undeniably striking, even tho some people questioned its ethical benefit. But it is not given one to strike twelve as a usual thing, and so Mr. Newell's venture this year is strained in its effect. "The Slant Book" first attracts the eye because of its queer shape—a shape, let us note, which has been patented. It describes in pictures and in stilted verses the disastrous consequences in the wake of a runaway baby carriage in a city whose streets were evidently all built on the slant. The humor is largely of the broad coarse kind which we associate with the Sunday supplement. The baby hero of the "joke" rather enjoys the events graphically portrayed in the tinted drawings.

Phillipotts, Eden. *The Flint Heart.* Pp. 334. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.

It is a very real delight to read anything by Mr. Phillipotts, and the fact that he has written a juvenile story, half fairy tale and wholly Dartmoor, will not fail to attract. And, in many respects, readers will not be disappointed after finishing "The Flint Heart." In its efforts to imitate "Lewis Carroll," the book is weak, for Mr. Phillipotts has no knack for composing nonsense rimes. But there is quite a deft touch in his connecting the Stone Age with later days. Surely no writer loves a country as greatly as this one loves Dartmoor, a fact which will not fail to impress itself upon grown readers, however much it escapes the notice of youngsters, who

will be more interested in Phutt, the Zaga-bog, and the flint heart that made him who possess it utterly devoid of tender feeling.

Quiller-Couch, Sir Arthur. *The Sleeping Beauty and Other Fairy Tales from the Old French.* Retold. Illustrated by Edmund Dulac. Pp. 132. New York: Hodder & Stoughton.

This is a volume so sumptuous that one fears to recommend it. "Q" takes it upon himself to modify the original texts, as, for example, when he omits the close to Perrault's version of "The Sleeping Beauty." But what after all, he argues truly, is the word of the story-teller in comparison with the verdict of generations, for it is this verdict which either makes or mars the story's future existence. The preface, penned by one who regards his task as a special pleasure, is not the only feature of this distinctive book. There are many delicate color-plates by the French artist, Edmund Dulac, who uses the background of the eighteenth century which was the period in which the fairy tale, as a court accomplishment, reached its height. Remember that Perrault, Lafontaine, and Molière were contemporaries. "The Sleeping Beauty" is almost too pretentious for wide circulation; that is why we hope next year the publishers will consider the feasibility of issuing it in more handy shape.

Sidney, Margaret. *A Little Maid of Boston Town.* Illustrated by Frank T. Merrill. 12mo, pp. 423. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepherd Co.

Readers who will recall Margaret Sidney's "Little Maid of Concord Town" will be interested in this new story from the same hands. Altho not a sequel, it deals with the same period and contains some of the same characters. The author has had the story in her mind for many years. She has woven in among its scenes not only the Boston of New England, but her namesake in the mother country. The illustrations by Mr. Merrill have caught the manners and scenes of the period.

Stokes, Winston. *The Story of Hiawatha:* Adapted from Longfellow. With the original poem. Illustrated by M. L. Kirk. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

One does not often find any other object in the retelling of a legend than to familiarize children with the essential story. Mr. Stokes evidently wants to meet a greater need in this holiday book which the publishers have launched in a sumptuous format; he aims to interest young folks, but he also desires by his narrative to bring older people "closer . . . to the mystery of the forest." With this aim in view, Mr. Stokes follows his original so closely as to transfer a quality to his prose version which is full of feeling and poetry. Longfellow, however, is himself so direct that a prose interpretation is almost superfluous, however well done.

The text of this splendid specimen of book-making, printed in clear, large type, is further embellished with color plates by M. L. Kirk; they are clear and distinct in design and most satisfactorily reproduced. Some probably are too literal, but we were particularly pleased with the frontispiece and with the illustration fronting page 310. These show Miss Kirk at her poetic best.

Taggart, Marion Ames. *Betty Gaston, the Seventh Girl.* Pp. 352. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co. \$1.50.

There is no need to say more about Miss Taggart than to commend her for distinct charm which persists, despite the fact that she is forced to write "series." Since her well-remembered "Miss Lochinvar" and "The Little Grey House" her readers have not been willing to rest content with one good story in which the characters are individualized; they

want the author to carry her *dramatis personæ* from book to book. This Miss Taggart does with an amount of skill which a "series" does not always deserve. In this season's volume young readers will have their wish; old faces peep out in new situations. Former heroines are either married or about to be, and the Seventh Girl is the daughter of one of them. A slight push, and such fiction for children would roll into the realm of novels.

Tileston, Mary Wilder. *The Child's Harvest of Verse.* Pp. 323. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50. *The Children's Book of Ballads.* Pp. 289. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

In these days there are so many anthologies of poetry that one is at a loss to say warmly of any newcomer, "This is exactly



JESSIE WILCOX SMITH,
Editor of "The Child's Book of Old Verses."

what we have been waiting for." Books of poetry are being wastefully duplicated, and every repetition, even tho differing in superficial arrangement, makes it more difficult to determine the distinguishing excellence which justifies its existence. The "Harvest" volume is not vigorous in its selection, but aims to be wholly child-like in its quality; it is graded. The "Ballad" volume is more selective, and is arranged "in the chronological order of the events to which they relate." There are historical notes which will be of service to the young reader.

Tomlinson, Everett T. *Light-Horse Harry's Legion.* Pp. 367. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50. *The Young Blockaders.* Pp. 405. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.50. *Four Boys and a Fortune.* Pp. 370. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.50. *Young Americans in the British Isles.* Pp. 283. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50.

There is one thing to be said about Dr. Tomlinson; he is essentially safe, and, as a general rule, accurate in his facts. All of his works bear the same assurance that, however much fiction be mingled with fact, the truth is not knowingly sacrificed. The first story deals with Revolutionary operations in Virginia and the Carolinas; the plot is slight in comparison with the amount of historical color one obtains of such events as the siege of Ninety-six and the Battle of Eutaw Springs; of such personages as Harry Lee, General Greene, Marion, and Sumter. This book, through some of its characters, is connected with previous volumes narrating the chief events closing around Mad Anthony.

The second title is illustrative of the fact that Dr. Tomlinson reads history for his boys' books; he approaches his different historical subjects with the direct intention of describing certain phases of peculiar significance. "The Young Blockaders" is one of the "War for the Union" series, and is fraught with varying excitement.

"Four Boys and a Fortune" tells why they went to England and what they found; it is, the author informs us, founded upon fact, and in its mystery and detective features develops in the heroes a spirit of self-reliance.

The last title, in a different manner, describes the travelers in England; it is an excellent guide-book for youthful readers, with the commendable feature of copious pictures and a map.

The four books represent Dr. Tomlinson's activity for the season; nearly fifteen hundred pages of average material which must be fulfilling a demand. The overproductivity of this author is illustrative of the truth that profit in writing for children results only when there is quantity rather than quality—except where the quality is exceptional.

Twain, Mark. *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer.* Pp. 321. Illustrated by Worth Brehm. New York: Harper & Bros. *Travels at Home.* Pp. 143. Selected from *Roughing It* and *Life on the Mississippi*, by Percival Chubb. New York: Harper & Bros. 50 cents.

The publishers are convinced that there is much material embedded in the works of W. D. Howells and Mark Twain, which teachers would welcome as supplementary reading. They therefore asked Mr. Percival Chubb to select striking bits from "A Boy's Town" for an initial volume. Prefaced by some very excellent remarks concerning literary culture, this venture proved of sufficient excellence to follow it with a second book, culled from two of Mark Twain's well-known stories. Mr. Chubb's position is well taken that "our school reading has not enough nor a sufficient variety of humorous material." We also applaud his desire to bring children at an early age in contact with a literature that will prepare them "for a salient element in our national life."

The Mark Twain selections are varied and most distinctive; they will suggest two conflicting features of the humorist: his quick wit and his keen seriousness. Yet these very excerpts lead one to believe—if he has a knowledge of Southern literature—that a volume just as striking could be compiled from "Georgia Scenes," "Flush Times in Alabama," and from the writings of George W. Bagby.

The works of Mark Twain are now being published in a very handsome form. "Tom Sawyer" may be considered a juvenile, tho some libraries are keeping it from the shelves of the children's room. Harper's have now reissued this "classic" with full-page illustrations by Worth Brehm. Mr. Brehm has caught the atmosphere of boy life, and has succeeded in producing sixteen scenes which are spirited and full of humor.

Welsh, Charles (Editor). *Fairy Tales Children Love.* Pp. 419. New York: Dodge Publishing Co. \$1.25.

There are few authorities on children's literature in America, and of those who know, Mr. Welsh may be accounted the foremost. When he began editing a series called "Books Children Love," selecting stories by circularizing librarians for votes upon special lists, we were doubtful as to the outcome. But he produced a fairly satisfactory volume, even tho, in his attempt to grade the selections,

the arrangement was uneven. For this reason he has compiled the best known fairy tales, grouped under three headings: "For the Little Folk," "For Young Children," and "For the Older Ones." The authorship of each selection involves a most interesting history, partly compassed in a preface. Herein Mr. Welsh attempts to designate the essential elements of the fairy tale, as well as to give a few biographical details concerning Perrault, who, with the aid of his small son, wrote "Cinderella" and "Sleeping Beauty"; concerning the Grimm Brothers, Hans Christian Andersen, Countess D'Aulnoy, Madame De Villeneuve, and Madame La Princesse de Beaumont—all of whom were famous writers of fairy tales many years ago. When one takes hold of such a volume as Mr. Welsh has published, there is a sense of relief over having escaped the student's valuation of folklore for a while.

FAMOUS JUVENILE BOOKS OF PAST YEARS

POETRY

Henley, W. E. *Lyra Heroica*. Scribner. \$1.25.

This is a book of verse for boys, occupying a position similar to that of Professor Palgrave's "Golden Treasury." There is much of the ballad spirit in the selection, and, the predominantly English in tone, American lyrics are included. Agnes Repplier's "A Book of Famous Verse" (Houghton Mifflin), while not quite so rigorous or special, is a fit companion volume.

Jerrold, Walter. *The Big Book of Nursery Rhymes*. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.

This is a rich treasury of juvenile simplicity and brightness—too rich for wide circulation. Yet it is cheap to buy such an expensive volume, for not only are the verses cheery in their large type, but the pictures are of the highest value. Another excellent collection is "National Rhymes of the Nursery" (F. A. Stokes & Co.), containing an introduction by George Saintsbury and striking illustrations by Gordon Browne.

Lear, Edward. *Nonsense Books*. Little, Brown & Co. \$2.

These are four volumes bound in one. In these verses nonsense is brought to a classic height. Sir E. Strachey, Bart., in the Frederick Warne edition of "Nonsense Songs and Stories" has a critical introduction of some value. The circumstances under which these rimes were written are narrated in Lear's "Life and Letters" (Duffield).

Lucas, Edmund V. *Book of Verses for Children*. Holt. \$2.

Mr. Lucas always assumes a scholarly attitude when considering children's literature. His first volume of verse, however, contains predominant features of a real anthology, and for that reason is of more real service than "Another Book of Verse for Children" (Illustrated by F. D. Bedford, The Macmillan Co.). Yet the two are recommended for their unusual quality. While on the subject of poetry with historical value, we would call attention to "The 'Original Poems' and Others," by Ann and Jane Taylor and Adelaide O'Keefe (ed. by E. V. Lucas, F. A. Stokes & Co.), as well as to a dainty volume of Dr. Isaac Watts' "Divine and Moral Songs for Children" (L. C. Page).

Stevenson, Robert Louis. *Child's Garden of Verses*. Scribner.

There are many editions of this classic expression of child life. We strongly recommend the one illustrated by the excellent artist, Charles Robinson, whose line draw-

ings are simple and decorative. Another Scribner edition is that illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith, who has allowed poetic fancy to find expression in rich color plates. Among the present season's holiday books we would note Miss Smith's pictures for "A Child's Book of Old Verses" (Duffield & Co.).

Wiggin, Kate Douglas, and Smith, Nora Archibald. *Golden Numbers*. Posy Ring. Doubleday.

"Golden Numbers" is the third in a series of graded anthologies for young people, the other two volumes being "Posy Ring" and "Pinafore Palace." In their way they are excellent compilations, tho the editors are by



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PICTURE BOOKS

The difficulty of expressing a great deal in the fewest lines is overcome by Randolph Caldecott in such volumes as "John Gilpin," "The Queen of Hearts," "The House that Jack Built," and "The Babes in the Wood." These may be had separately at twenty-five cents or in collections at \$1.25 a volume. Published by Warne, in London, they are sold in America by E. P. Dutton & Co. Caldecott's color is laid upon his line drawings in varying tints; there is little broad tone or minute detail used.

Walter Crane's many volumes illustrating such children's classics as "Blue Beard," "Mother Hubbard," "Red Riding Hood," "Goody Two-Shoes," "Beauty and the Beast," "Cinderella," and countless others, are issued in this country by John Lane. They may be had separately, in flexible covers, at the nominal cost of twenty-five cents; there are also more durable editions, each volume containing three stories, bound in cloth, at \$1.25. Mr. Crane is not so simple as Caldecott, and he uses more brilliant color. Yet there is a charm about such coloring as one finds in "Sing a Song of Sixpence" difficult to equal.

Miss Greenaway's biographer, Mr. Spielmann, claims that she drest a period. Certainly the beautiful atmosphere of her quaint costumes and formal gardens warrants the wide-spread use of her picture-books in the

nursery. But we regret to say that the many volumes are going out of print. Librarians, teachers, and mothers should deplore this. Among her books are: "A Day in a Child's Life" (Warne, 3s. 6d.); "Language of Flowers" (Warne, 1s.); "Marigold Garden" (Warne, 3s. 6d., Routledge); "Under the Window" (Warne, 3s. 6d.).

It is to be deplored that some American did not purchase Boutet de Monvel's pictures illustrating the career of Joan of Arc. They were on exhibition several years ago. Fortunately, the Century Company has published a charming edition of "Joan of Arc," presenting all the characteristics which mark this artist as a wonderful illustrator for children. Every young reader's book-shelf should contain this volume as well as "Filles et garçons," illustrative of stories by Anatole France (Hachette; Brentano; Jenkins).

Together, P. and Vimar A. Guigon, with quaintness and facility, have made a classic circus book for children, entitled "L'Illustré Dompteur" (Plon, \$2.50). This has been translated and made into a smaller book entitled "The Animal Trainer" (Duffield, \$1.25) and the text, as prepared by Edgar Mills, contains a subtlety of humor more appropriate for grown people than for children. Nevertheless, the pictures by Vimar are exceptionally active and interpretative. Mr. Mills' "The Animals in the Ark" (Duffield, \$1.25) is taken from the French also.

The Brownies are household figures now and Palmer Cox's eighth book, recounting their latest adventures, has just been published (Century Co., \$1.50). These little goblins are never behind the times, for the new volume deals with their civic zeal and general helpfulness. We have seen drawings which attempt to imitate the Brownies, but Mr. Cox alone seems to have mastered their agility.

FAIRY TALES AND MYTHS

Dodgson, Charles L. ("Lewis Carroll"). *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*.

Many imitators of "Lewis Carroll" have attempted to continue the charm of "Alice," but no one has yet succeeded. Of all editions, the one containing the John Tenniel pictures (The Macmillan Co.) should have preference over all others. The companion volume, slightly inferior in quality, is "Through the Looking Glass." For children interested in the man whose personality flows through these pages, and for those interested in the conditions under which "Alice in Wonderland" was conceived and written, we recommend the biography of Lewis Carroll by Belle Moses (Appleton, \$1.25).

Harris, Joel Chandler. *The Uncle Remus Stories*. Appleton. \$2.

"Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings" (Appleton, \$2) and "Nights with Uncle Remus" (Houghton, \$1.50) not only present in inimitable negro manner the folk-tales of the Southern negro, but likewise preserve for those who look deeply, the rare feeling of a plantation life which has well-nigh disappeared. Moral quibblers object to the slyness of Brer Fox, but such classic tales as "The Wonderful Tar Baby" are able to withstand mild attack of this order.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel. *The Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales*.

"The Wonder Book," with illustrations by Walter Crane, is familiar to all librarians (Houghton, \$3). This year, Maxfield Parrish has illustrated a sumptuous volume with "A Wonder Book" and "Tanglewood Tales"

(Continued on page 1048)



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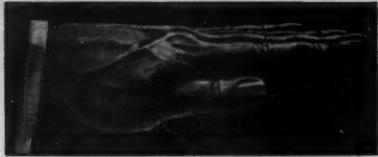
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(Continued from page 1046.)

combined (Duffield & Co.), each color plate a work of art and worthy of separate framing. The publishers have made a *de luxe* book, well printed, and untouched by editing. Another edition, which in the same manner is a combination of Hawthorne's two classics, has been pretentiously illustrated by H. Granville Fell (Dutton, \$2.50).

Kingsley, Charles. Water Babies.

The most delightful edition of "The Water-babies" to read is the original, published with black-and-white drawings. Many elaborate reprints are issued from year to year. Last season Warwick Goble copiously illustrated the story (The Macmillan Co.), in imitation of Arthur Rackham, but the volume has fancy features, and too much emphasis is laid upon the nude. This year, George Soper has pictured the story (Baker & Taylor) with some feeling, but his color-plates are harmed by being enclosed in borders of fine red lines.

Kipling, Rudyard. The Jungle Book. Century Co. \$1.50.

This, together with the "Second Jungle Book," would alone place Kipling foremost among writers of that species of juvenile literature which has appeal for old and young alike. Mowgli is an endurable hero, and the folk element in the tales is wholly within the range of youthful interest.

Lang, Andrew. The Blue Fairy Book and The Red Fairy Book. Longmans. \$2 each.

The fact that these are the most popular of Mr. Lang's variegated series of books illustrates the educational truth that fairy tales are more appropriate than folk lore. The latter quality is the great drawback to most of Mr. Lang's compilations, but the fundamental colors here recommended contain the fundamental fairy lore which all children should know. In his latest volume, "The Lilac Fairy Book," Mr. Lang has written a breezy introduction in explanation of the manner in which his books are prepared.

Scudder, Horace E. [Editor]. Children's Book: a Collection of the Best Stories and Poems in the English Language. Houghton. \$2.50.

Welsh, Charles. Fairy Tales Children Love. Dodge Publishing Co. \$1.25.

STORIES

Alcott, Louisa May. Little Women. Little, Brown. \$1.50.

This excellent story is nearly fifty years old, and is just as popular as ever, despite the literary deluge. All of Miss Alcott's books are healthy and so well known that they need no special praise. Young readers will find the biography of this famous author, as it is told by Miss Belle Moses (Appleton, \$1.25) of great interest, for therein will be found the real true events upon which Miss Alcott founded her books. Her characters were nearly all of them real people.

Clemens, Samuel L. ("Mark Twain"). The Prince and the Pauper. Harper. \$1.75.

A fascinating story of Edward VI., in which the young king becomes pauper, while a pauper turns king. The adventures befalling the two makes a narrative of holding interest.

Defoe, Daniel. Robinson Crusoe. Wyss. Swiss Family Robinson.

In an introduction to an excellent reissue of "The Swiss Family Robinson," illustrated by Louis Rhead (Harper & Bros.), W. D.

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Howells made a confession that he had to read the book for the first time in order to fulfill the request of the publishers. Yet this story in a way is more popular than the original book which it so successfully imitates. The latest edition of this classic is that illustrated by Charles Folkard (Dutton, \$2.50). E. Boyd Smith, in pale color, has pictured the adventures of "Robinson Crusoe" (Houghton, \$1.50 net). Charles Lamb called this Defoe novel "capital kitchen reading."

Dodge, Mary Mapes. Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates. Scribner.

Edgeworth, Maria. Tales from. Introduction by Austin Dobson. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. Stokes.

We moderns still have a love for quaintness left in our natures; even children, despite their advanced interests, find pleasure in such tales as "Lazy Lawrence," "Waste Not, Want Not," and "Simple Susan." This selection from Miss Edgeworth is quite enough to impress one with her excellent manner of depicting and of narrating.

Ewing, Juliana Horatio. Jackanapes. Story of a Short Life.

Hughes, Thomas. Tom Brown's School Days.

Lucas, E. V. Forgotten Tales of Long Ago. Illustrated by F. D. Bedford. Stokes.

These two volumes are companions, presenting selections illustrative of the didactic school of writers. This very word "didactic" as applied to children's literature recalls such names as Thomas Day, Maria Edgeworth, Alicia Catherine Mant, Charles and Mary Lamb, Anna Letitia Barbauld, Catherine Sinclair, "Peter Parley," and A. Berquin—all of whom are well represented. As an introduction, Mr. E. V. Lucas has written two prefaces which present in a "chatty" fashion the whole trend of this particular genre of literature. These are excellent books for the students of juvenile reading.

Scott, Sir Walter. Ivanhoe. Preface by Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott of Abbotsford. Illustrations by Maurice Greiffenhagen. Lippincott.

Sherwood, Wm. The Fairchild Family. Introduction by Mary E. Palgrave. Illustrations by Florence M. Rudland. Stokes.

This is a classic example in the history of children's literature. It belongs to the Edgeworth school, and emphasizes certain characteristics of that balance between rich and poor which marked the day when interest began to consider the economic state of the lower classes. The story has the flavor of the Sunday-school literature of the period.

Stevenson, Robert Louis. Treasure Island.

Tappan, Eva March [Editor]. Old-Fashioned Stories and Poems. Vol. 6 in The Children's Hour. Houghton.

Welsh, Charles. Stories Children Love. Dodge Publishing Co.

Wiggin, Kate Douglas. Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.50.

This story has had an extraordinary sale—something like 340,000 copies. It was first published in 1903. Having made so wide appeal because of its fresh spirit and charm, it was dramatized, and has recently been produced in New York, where it is now playing to crowded houses. This new edition of a deservedly famous story is illustrated with photographs of the play, in which Edith Taliaferro assumes the title rôle. But the pictures fail to convey the flavor of the frontispiece, painted by F. C. Yohn.

LITERARY CLASSICS

The Galland text of "The Arabian Nights," 1821, is a very excellent one. This has been slightly abridged by E. Dixon in a sumptuous volume illustrated by John D. Batten (Putnam). The tendency among most editors is to over-edit, and among the many versions one will find arbitrary wording as

well as arbitrary selection according to individual notions regarding child-taste. Such motives prompted Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora A. Smith, in their collection, issued by Scribner with wonderful drawings in color by Maxfield Parrish.

Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" is a classic which we doubt whether children read nowadays. Nevertheless, the publishers do not tire of bringing out varied editions. The Brothers Rhead illustrated the allegory for the Century Co.; Byam Shaw's brilliant and elaborate color work decorates a Scribner edition (\$2.50) which has the further recommendation of carrying marginal notes. The latest reprint, imported by Dutton (\$3) is artistically pictured by Frank C. Pape.

Swift's "Gulliver's Travels" has found a sympathetic illustrator in Arthur Rackham (Dutton, \$2.50 net), whose fancy is best suited to grown people. There is another excellent edition published by Macmillan (\$1.50).

No season passes without a new edition of Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare." E. P. Dutton's issue contains illustrations by Walter Paget (\$2.50). N. M. Price has elaborate color plates in a volume published by the Scribners (\$2.50). Arthur Rackham's fancy has displayed itself in a reprint by J. M. Dent, which E. P. Dutton imports (\$2.50). There is another method employed by those who retell Shakespeare—the method of ample quotation, but the Lambs' narrative is direct, and, if not faithful, is nevertheless feeling.

Other literary classics which should be named here are Charles Lamb's "Adventures of Ulysses," Charles Kingsley's "Heroes," Howard Pyle's "Merry Adventures of Robin Hood," Ruskin's "King of the Golden River," Thackeray's "Rose and the Ring," Howard Pyle's "King Arthur and His Knights," and "Tales of the Canterbury Pilgrims." For the guidance of buyers we append a few trustworthy lists of children's books which may be procured at nominal prices from the libraries issuing them:

Books for Boys and Girls. Compiled by Caroline M. Hewins. Hartford (Conn.) Public Library. 1904.

The Child's Own Library. A Guide to Parents. Clara W. Hunt. Brooklyn (N. Y.) Public Library. 1907.

A List of Books Recommended for a Children's Library. Annie Carroll Moore. Iowa Library Commission.

Catalogue of Books in the Children's Department of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh. 1909. [Bulky, but a standard reference work.]

Children's Catalog. Cumulative. Marion E. Potter. H. W. Wilson Co. 1909.

ANOTHER LIST OF POPULAR BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

Abbot, Willis J. The Story of Our Navy. Illustrated. 8vo. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.

Altsheler, Joseph A. The Horsemen of the Plains. Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull. 12mo. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

Bangs, John Kendrick. Mollie and the Unwiseman Abroad. Illustrated by Grace G. Wiedersheim. Octavo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50.

Barbour, Ralph Henry. Kingsford. Quarto. Illustrated by Relyea. Pp. 326. 12mo. New York: The Century Co. \$1.50.

Barbour, Ralph Henry. Winning his "Y." Illustrated. 12mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

Beach, Lieut. Com. Edward L., U. S. N. The Annapolis Stories. [The stories in this series include such titles as: "An Annapolis First Classman," "An Annapolis Plebe," "An Annapolis Second Classman."] Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co. \$1.25 each.

Bolton, Sarah K. Poor Boys Who Became Famous. Portraits. 12mo. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.50.

Roylan, Grace Duffie. The Steps to Nowhere. Illustrated by J. Morgan. Sq. 8vo. [Through Hurst]



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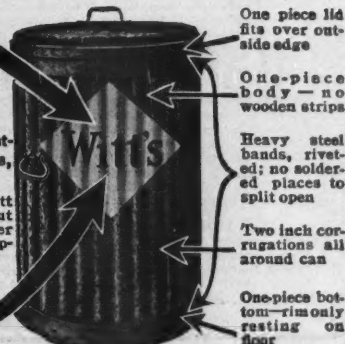
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Sweet Love has twined his fingers in my hair,
And laid his hand across my wondering eyes.
I can not move save in the narrow space

Of his strong arms' embrace,
Nor see but only in my own heart where
His image lies.

How can I tell,
Emprisoned so well,
If in the outer world be sunset or sunrise?
Sweet Love has laid his hand across my eyes.

Sweet Love has loosed his fingers from my hair,
His lifted hand has left my eyelids wet.
I can not move save to pursue his fleet

And unreturning feet,
Now see but in my ruined heart, and there
His face lies yet.

How should I know,
Distracted and blinded so.
If in the outer world be sunrise or sunset?
Sweet Love has freed my eyes, but they are wet.

Apple Blossoms and the Child

Beneath each rosy-white
Ethereal bloom, lovely as pearl and seemingly
As useless save to charm the sight,
There lieth, not mere prophecy
Of fruit to come, but the round fruit
In miniature complete—a globe minute,
With envelop and flesh and seed
So planned that it shall need,
To make fair food for longing lips,
Only the balmy wind, the freshening rain,
And the sunshine that slips
Its warming touch the sheltering leaves between.

—And, baby, in thy soul again
Whoso hath looked the miracle hath seen.
Here is not promise that a man shall grow;
Here is the man as he may be,
Full-formed within
The fragrant petal-cup of infancy.

Watch the bright eye
Seeking, insatiable, to learn, to know;
Watch the unresting steps begin
Their voyages of far discovery.
See how to hands outstretched the soft hands cling,
And how the soft glance tells
Responsive love to love that dwells
In other eyes.
See how the tender wounded heart can bring
Swift dignity to heal its grieved surprise,
And courage comes at call,
The brave mouth quivers but the foot stands fast—
When perilous risks befall—
When the great hound, first seen, affrights,
Or in the dusk of garden nights
The moth, the beetle, whir too closely past!

How valiant the desire to aid
In tasks enormous for so slender powers;
How keen the sense in the beloved to see
The changes made
By the uncomprehended flight of changeful hours—
To give the kiss betokening sympathy
Or trustfulness, or merriment.
How quick the lamentations and the crystal tears
For the young robin slain,
The lily that the storm has rent;
Yet with what gentle fortitude the small soul bears
Its own long fevered test of unaccustomed pain,
Stoic yet sweet the while,
Weakened of all except the will to smile.



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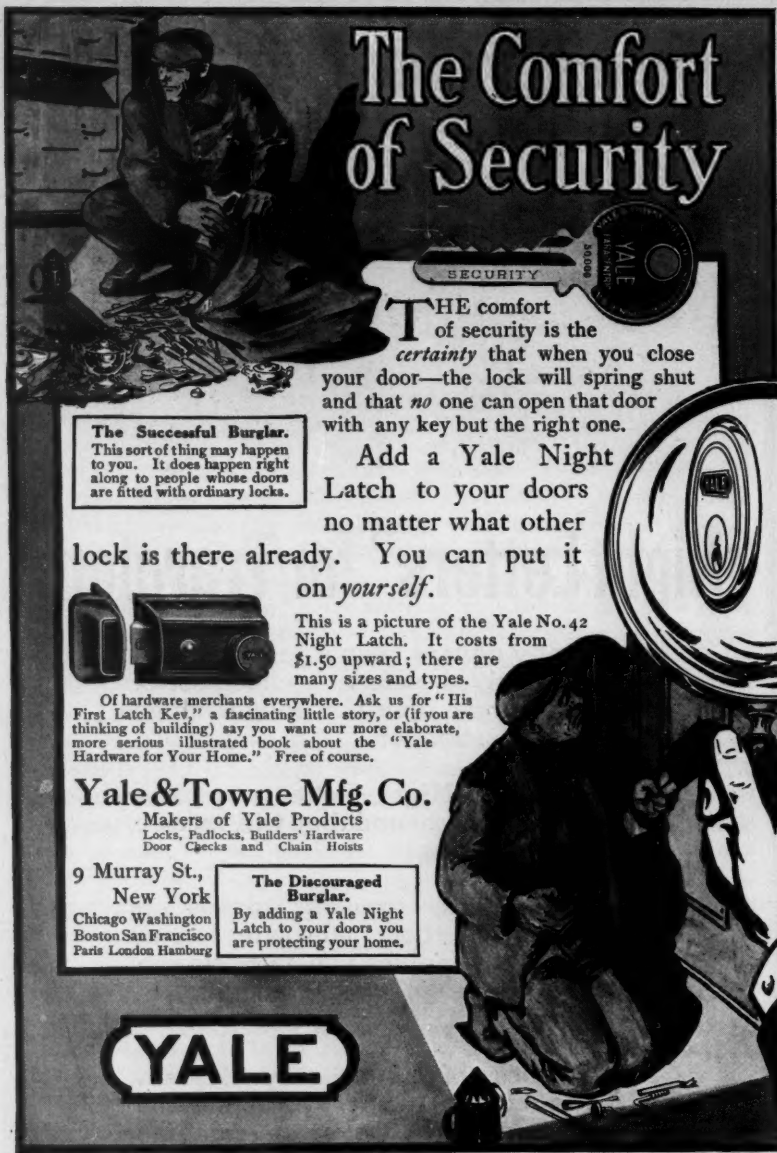
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YALE

So unto us the babe is born:
So in the blossom of his happy morn
Lie wrapt the pattern and the plan
Of grace and virtue in the man.
Oh, sheltering leaves, oh, warming sun,
Guard, foster, fashion, that there shall in one
Be fully ripened, undistorted, undefiled,
The springtime excellences of the child.
Blow, bracing wind! Fall, fructifying rain!
Round out the promise of the tiny sphere,
Nor let it grow to gnarled shape and bitter grain,
Nor, blighted, drop and disappear;
For all the world is hungry, thirsty, destitute,
Lacking due harvest of such fruit
As waits, so small and yet so perfect, here.

The poetry of Richard Watson Gilder, with all its loveliness, at times tends to thin out into pale sentimentality. We have always cherished a strong personal distaste for the futile, unanswerable questions with which poets are fond of vexing the mysteries of this life. The following posthumous verse from *The Century* contains these faults, but also includes some of the virtues which have won for Mr. Gilder's work so wide a circle of admirers:

"Twas Like Another Sunset"

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

I.

'Twas like another sunset when the moon
Sank from the sky and the near stars grew bright;
As when is played some dear and lingering tune,
Softly the theme repeats. Sunset and set of moon
Were one sweet tune,
And lovely was the night.

II.

O night of wonder, of mysterious sleep!
What meanest thou? Oh, what this pause most strange—
This hush 'twixt sun and sun—which mortals keep
For silence and rest, forgetfulness and sleep?
In what vast deep
Where doth the live soul range?

III.

And if from loss and dull and seeming death,
As ship to shore, we to ourselves return,
Shall not the invisible soul, a quenchless breath,
To itself return after that pause of death—
A subtler breath
That doth forever burn?

A beautiful tribute to Helen Keller in Lippincott's:

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BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

As mute against the gate of life you sit,
Longing to open it,
Full oft you must behold, in thought, a maid
With banner white, whose lilies do not fade,
And armor glory lit.

Across the years, darkling, you still must see,
In the hush of memory,
Her whom no wrong of Fate could make afraid—
Of all the maidens of the world, *The Maid!*—
In her brave purity.

For she, like you, was singly set apart,
O high and lonely heart!—
And hearkened Voices, silent save to her,
And looked on visions she might not transfer
By any loving art,—

Knew the dread chill of isolation, when
Life darkened to her ken;
Yet could not know, as round her closed the night,
How radiant and far would shine her light,—
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NOT content with roping lions and rhinoceri in African tropics and taking moving pictures of the process, American sportsmen have turned their attention to similar adventures within the Arctic circle. In the early summer of this year, Mr. Paul J. Rainey set out on a hunting-expedition to capture some Arctic game alive and procure moving pictures of wild life on the world's northern ice-cap. In the current *Cosmopolitan* Mr. Rainey describes some hunting adventures among the pack ice of Melville Bay. The first game sighted was a herd of walrus on a "growler"—a large lump of ice detached from a berg. At once the hunters were off:

We lowered the launch and went after them, the captain at the wheel, the doctor and myself with the guns, and Whitney running the engine. There appeared to be about fifty walrus in the herd. The captain put the launch right into the middle of them, and she hit the edge of the pan and almost upset. The herd started to scatter, some rolling sideways into the water, others flopping across the ice with a queer lumbering shuffle which is amazingly and deceptively swift. There was an instant's scramble in the boat as we righted her; then we fired, and brought down five. And, by the way, a point about walrus-hunting that may be brought in here is to remember that you must hit them in the head and drop them dead on the ice if you wish to secure the bodies, for a mortally wounded walrus sinks the instant it gets into the water.

The Eskimos who were with us harpooned three more of the walrus, which went off with the floats, and we started after them. I harpooned one, a huge fellow with enormous tusks, and he dived as I drove the harpoon into him. In some manner the line got wound around my leg, throwing me down and dragging me half over the gunwale. Just as I was going overboard I managed to kick myself free, but it was an exciting moment. Every time the brute came up we shot him and finally succeeded in killing him. Our next effort was with a wounded cow that charged us; and the attack of a wounded and infuriated walrus, even the ludicrous, on account of the beast's clumsiness and unwieldiness—if you are far enough away to see the funny side of it—is no joke.

This cow had two calves, which we secured alive, and took back with us to the ship. By that time the wind was rising, and a fog was rolling in. . . .

We got back to the ship all right, and hoisted our two walrus calves on board. They were stupid little fellows, sleeping most of the time, and when they woke would begin promptly to bellow for dinner. We fed them condensed milk out of nursing-bottles brought along for the purpose; they absorbed most alarming quantities of it, and quickly discovered a trick, when they could hold no more, of sucking up a large mouthful and blowing it with great precision in the face of the man who happened to be playing nurse.

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eider duck, but the big game was polar bear.

One of the Eskimos with us, named Kuli-tingwah, was a great bear-hunter. He was a stumpy little daredevil, with the eye of a lynx, and if there was a bear anywhere within a radius of ten miles he was bound to find it. He found our first one—a large female—near a big ice-pan, early one morning, and we promptly decided to take her alive. So we lowered away the launch, and chased her. She got in among the pan ice, and when we ran alongside of her she showed fight in a minute. Now Bartlett, who was steering, had always maintained that a bear could not possibly get into a boat from the water, and he harangued us to that effect with great gusto, and urged me to "get the rope on her." This was a good deal easier said than done. For about half an hour we played a sort of game of tag, the great white brute ducking and dodging, diving out of sight, and coming up with a surge and a roar and a flash of her terrible fangs. At last I succeeded in getting the noose over her head, and quick as a cat she dived under the boat and came out on the other side, on the ice. Before we could get the engine reversed she had actually succeeded in pulling the boat up on the edge of the ice, snarling and growling and tearing at the rope around her neck. We did some of the quickest work of the entire expedition getting that engine going astern, and when we backed off into deep water we pulled her in, too. And then we had the laugh on Bob, for the minute she struck the water the bear dived again, came up alongside the boat just where Bob was sitting, and reared her head and forepaws over the gunwale. With a yell he turned everything loose and jumped for the other side of the boat, while the rest of us roared with laughter. I took a boat-hook and managed to keep her out of the launch, and we towed her back to the ship. Another tussle began when we got her alongside. She was pretty weak by that time, but still fighting mad, and we were nearly as used up as she was by the time we got the winch hitched to her. But after that it was easy, and madam was hoisted up the side like a bale of cargo and lowered into one of the forward hatches. Here, when she got her wind back, she settled down in quite a matter-of-fact way, but a fresh difficulty appeared when we needed more coal out of the hatch, and the men didn't care about going down to get it. This bear is now one of Dr. Hornaday's guests at the New York Zoo.

But bear-hunting is not all comedy, as I will shortly tell you.

In getting out of Jones Sound we found the ice the worst we had so far encountered. It took us nearly twenty-four hours to make five miles, and every two or three hundred yards the ship would jam so that we had to dynamite her out. This is even more tedious than ramming, and as I was setting off the charges under Captain Bartlett's supervision I got very little rest. One charge drifted under the ice and came up alongside us, and when it went off I thought the ship was going clean out of water. When I went below, I found Woodward picking up the spoons and tableware that had jumped off the table; in my quarters all the pictures were knocked down, and Dr. Johnston declared that in his cabin the paint had been shaken off the walls. But it set her free, and after that we made somewhat better progress.

After having been on deck for more than twenty-four hours, I turned in. It seemed as

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tho I had been asleep barely ten minutes when Dr. Johnston woke me to say that Kuli had, as usual, seen a bear on the ice ahead. This was nothing new; we were in a great bear country, and hardly a day passed that we did not get at least one; nevertheless there was always something irresistible in the prospect of getting another. So I tumbled out, and we started with the dogs and the Eskimos. The bear proved to be three bears, one of them the largest bear I have ever seen.

The dogs' feet were so sore that at first they would not take the trail; however, we got them onto it, and they brought two of the bears to bay. One, the smallest, loped off across the ice; the captain took a couple of long-range shots and killed him at the second trial. Whitney hit the next one, which went down on the ice. The big one we wanted to take alive. Pearwater, one of our hunters, went after the wounded one that was on the ice, while we closed up on the big fellow, which was fighting the dogs. Suddenly we heard a yell of alarm, and saw the bear that we had thought nearly dead get to its feet and charge. Pearwater threw up his gun, but it was on the safety, and he did not understand how to work it. The bear was so close to him that we dared not fire for fear of hitting him. To our horror, the brute rose on its hind legs and lunged at him, knocking him down, but whether it was blinded by blood or crazed with pain, it luckily kept on, and Pearwater scrambled to his feet, only slightly injured. It was as narrow an escape as I ever knew a hunter to have. I gave my gun to Cudluctu, one of the Eskimos, and he went after the bear and killed it, altho it tried to charge again.

As good luck would have it, the large bear, after killing one of the dogs, gave up the fight and took to the water. Bob and I chased him in the launch, and after a struggle I got a noose around his neck. Fortunately there was a clear lead of water between us and the ship. Twice he tried to get into the boat; when we finally got under way, towing him behind us, his struggles were terrific. For a while it seemed as tho to save our own skins we would have to shoot him, but after an hour and a half of hard work we got him to the ship's side. We tied the rope onto the hook of the derrick that the men lowered to us and started to hoist him out of the water. He churned it into foam before we got him out of it, and once came near capsizing the launch. Imagine, if you can, that twelve hundred pounds of yellow-white bulk roaring, fighting, swinging fifteen feet in the air at a rope's end against the ship's side. When he was in mid-air we discovered that something was wrong; the noose had become too tight and was strangling him. I don't think I shall ever forget that sight as he swung there, battling for life, his enormous paws threshing like flails. There was nothing to do, however, but keep on hauling him up, but by the time we got him over the rail he had choked to death. It was a pity, for he was a magnificent brute, and dead game. We found out afterward that he was too large for the cages, measuring nine feet from tip to tip, so that we could not have kept him if we had been able to get him aboard alive.

That same day we killed two other bears, and a day or so later took alive a magnificent specimen. We named him Silver King, on account of his beautiful coat. Silver King is also in the Bronx Zoo, in New York. From the first he was so ferocious and hard to handle that more than once only his superb appearance kept him from sudden death.



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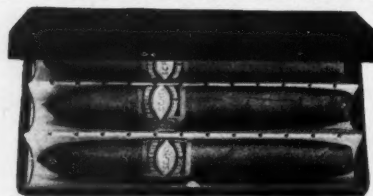
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This giant, who suffered at being placed in the freak class, has a most unusual history. The present act of "Jack the Giant Killer," in which he is appearing, he wrote down under the platform of the sideshow when he was not on exhibition. We've heard of our literary geniuses bringing forth the works of art through difficulty, from Raffael painting the "Madonna of the Chair" on the head of a cask to Harriet Beecher Stowe planning "Uncle Tom's Cabin" while she was wrestling with the family dishwashing, but the giant of the sideshow retiring beneath the platform to write a vaudeville sketch is a distinctive novelty.

"Of course, there have been so many giants who were not normals that people sort of expect men of my size to be lacking in intelligence," said the actor. "The trouble is, tho, that these men were not normal in other ways; they were physically out of proportion as well as mentally."

Captain Auger, tho so large, is perfectly proportioned. He eats even less than a normal man, taking but two meals a day, one after the matinee and one after the night performance.

"I weigh 315 pounds, which is not too much for my height," said the giant, who, if any one can make a person "feel small," certainly has the power.

The giant, by the way, had just returned from Scott's book store, where he had purchased a copy of "Ann Veronica" and a half-pound of typewriter paper.

The former he intended to read just to see what an Englishman like Wells thinks of the suffrage question, and the second he bought to typewrite his revision of the fairy tale, "Puss in Boots," in which he will appear next season.

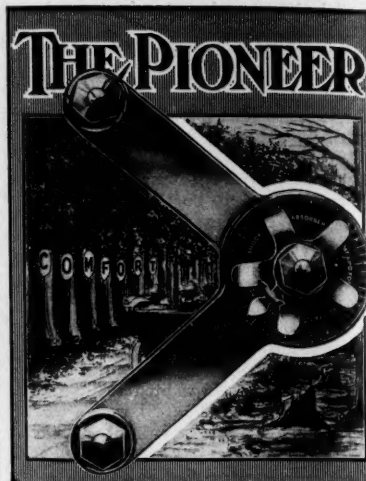
"I had originally written 'Puss in Boots' for eight people, but I have decided to rewrite it for four, as a company of eleven makes a pretty expensive act for vaudeville," he said.

The giant who can dramatize and typewrite his own plays is certainly a handy person to have about a business office. The results of this practical application of his many talents (Captain Auger has been a regular prodigy on the piano since he was seven years old) is shown by the elegant country place at Bridgeport, Conn. Here the captain has his fine horses, his sixty-horse-power automobile, and his 15,000 chickens.

Oh, yes, that is another accomplishment of the giant's—raising chickens. The suggestion that this eight-footer scares the chickens into behaving themselves has nothing to do with his success, he maintains, and at the end of March every year he sells 60,000 chickens from his ranch.

The captain has decided ideas on suffrage and the ideas are that he thinks a woman has plenty to do at home without mixing in politics.

"Mrs. Auger is a great help to me in my vaudeville work, for she designs and supervises the costumes, besides acting," he said. "She is most artistic." Mrs. Auger is a great horsewoman, and at Fairy Tale Ran Farm,



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the Bridgeport country place, she owns several thoroughbreds.

She says she is a very, very happy woman and that George is an ideal and a model husband. Mrs. Auger ought to be satisfied with eight feet of husband when some poor women can't get any at all.

The captain, to say the least, is a surprise. His intelligence and his seriousness, his understanding, are not in keeping at all with the traditional giant mind. But then Auger says he has been a surprise ever since he was born. He first surprised his parents by turning out to be a giant and he next surprised them by becoming a vaudeville star.

"My mother was five feet two, my father five feet eleven in height," said the giant, raising a hand like the hand of doom to his forehead. "I really should not have surprised my parents, for my height is hereditary. My mother's father was six feet, seven, and an ancestor who lived in the sixteenth century was eight feet, four. He was General Auger of the French army and his existence may be proved to be authentic by reading French history of this period."

The ancestor had the present scion of the house of Auger beaten by a few inches. But then Captain George is quite satisfied as his great height has netted him a large fortune just because he happened to be big and has the intelligence not often given to giants.

This big man wears a seven and three-quarters hat, a fourteen shoe, a twelve and a half glove, and a nineteen collar. His chest measures fifty-three and a half, his forearm twenty-two and a half, and his biceps twenty-seven and a half inches.

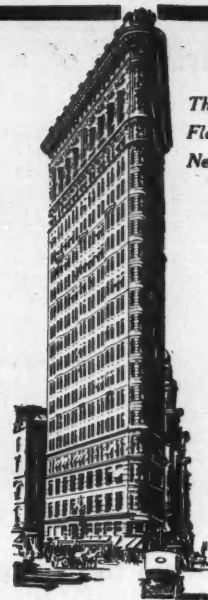
Even if the captain should shrink he says he could make a living by his writing, as he has written three vaudeville sketches and a number of songs, the principal one being "How Sunshine Mingles with the Rain."

WITH GARCIA AT GUAIMARO

FROM whatever point of view one regards revolutionists none can deny that they—if they be real revolutionists—seem to be endowed by the very magnitude of the odds against them with a superlative degree of daring and patience. It is interesting in the light of events in Spain and Portugal to look back at another time when a veritable handful of Cuban patriots fought a life-long struggle against that same—and yet a different—Spain, in whose own peninsula "liberty" is now a new watchword. General Funston in his papers in *Scribner's* on his experiences as a Cuban insurgent reminds us of the strain and struggle of the followers of *Cuba Libre*. Says he of General Garcia:

He was a man of most striking appearance, being over six feet tall and rather heavy, and his hair and large mustache were snow-white. What at once attracted attention was the hole in his forehead, a souvenir of the Ten Years' War. On September 3, 1874, being about to fall into the hands of the Spaniards, and believing his execution to be a certainty, he had fired a large-caliber revolver upward from beneath his lower jaw, the bullet making its exit almost in the center of his forehead. It is safe to say that not one man in ten thousand would have survived so terrible an injury. He was taken prisoner, and owed his life to the skill of a Spanish surgeon, tho he remained in prison until the end of the war, four years later. To the day of his death, nearly twenty-four years later, the wound never entirely healed, and he always carried a small wad of cotton in the hole in his skull. General Garcia was a

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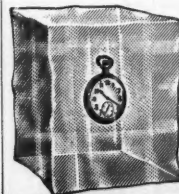
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man of the most undoubted personal courage, and was a courteous and kindly gentleman. His bearing was dignified, but he was one of the most approachable of men. He seldom smiled, and I heard him laugh but once, and that was when on one occasion he fired every one of the six shots in his revolver at a jutea, a small animal, at a few yards range without disturbing its slumbers. With him life had been one long tragedy of war and prison. He lived to see his country free from Spanish rule, but not yet a republic. Those of us Americans who had served under Gomez always regarded him with something akin to awe or fear, but all who came in close contact with Garcia had for him a feeling of affection. He was always so just and so considerate, and tho some of us must have exasperated him at times, so far as I know he never gave one of us a harsh word. When the provocation was sufficient, however, he could be terribly severe with his own people.

General Funston met General Garcia just before the attack on Guaimaro by the combined forces of Gomez and Garcia. On the night before the first attack:

General Gomez was in a somewhat irritable mood. One of the insurgent officers had sung in grand opera in Europe, and was entertaining a number of us within ear-shot of where our chief was trying to rest. The grim old fellow stood the Italian airs as long as he could, and then sent word to the offender that he had a horse that sang considerably better. But he did not interfere when General Garcia's fine band struck up, and played for a couple of hours. The Cubans were making no attempt to conceal their presence from the garrison, and the wind being favorable, the music must have been heard in the town. It no doubt gave the Spaniards a creepy feeling when they heard the Cuban national hymn, the *Bayames*, and listened to the cheers and the shouts of "*Cuba libre!*" that followed its playing.

At three o'clock the next morning I was startled from a sound sleep by a leathern-lunged bugler blowing reveille within a few feet of my hammock, and it is a peculiar and to me inexplicable fact that tho I have certainly heard reveille several thousand times since that occasion, it invariably to this day brings to mind that depressing, chilly morning that ushered in the siege of Guaimaro and calls up for the moment those stirring days that now seem so long ago. As the call was taken up by a score of bugles all about the town, I could not help wondering as to the feelings of the brave little garrison, so soon to begin their struggle against overwhelming odds. Completely isolated from the outside world, except when every three months a convoy reached them with supplies, they had for nearly two weeks in September listened to the booming of guns in the fighting about Cascorra, but could have had no inkling as to the result. Now they must have realized that their time of trial had come.

The day opened with cannonading and rifle fire, but soon the order was passed for a charge by the Cubans on an isolated blockhouse. Most of the Americans were serving with the artillery, but did not hesitate to join in wherever else there was a chance.

Anxious to see the charge, Pennie and I hastened back to our old stand, and had

hardly got settled down when a bugle rang out in the edge of the woods a hundred yards to our left, there were a number of briskly given commands, some faint cheering and a rattle of shots, and a company of men, mostly negroes, led by Garcia's chief of staff, Colonel Menocal, began to climb the grassy slope. Ordinarily chiefs of staff do not lead charges, but no chances were being taken on some bungler making a mess of this job. The slope was so steep and the grass so high and dense that the attack was made at a walk, the men in single line, firing and yelling excitedly. Pennie and I watched for a few seconds, when he said, "Me for this," and we started for the blockhouse, and at the same time saw Janney, Latrobe, and one or two others cutting across from the gun position, with revolvers drawn. When about half-way to the top we two stumbled over a negro, who as soon as he saw us began to writhe and moan, calling out that he was wounded. Desirous of rendering assistance, we turned him over, but could see no blood. "The damned coward is flunking," yelled Pennie, and twisting the fellow's Remington out of his hands, gave him the butt of it several times, thus making his lamentations more realistic. This man was the only one of the fifty who fell out, the others facing the music gamely. The first man through the wire entanglement and into the trench was Janney, who had joined the attacking company just before it reached the summit. Owing to our delay with the supposedly wounded man, the blockhouse was taken before Pennie and I reached it. The Spaniards had not waited for the Cubans, but had bolted out of their trench on the opposite side when the latter were about half-way up, and were doing a Marathon for the Isabella fortin, distant seven hundred yards. The victors fired on them from around the captured blockhouse, and killed one man about a hundred yards down the slope. The infantry company had lost its formation, and had dissolved into a mob of men, yelling and firing, until Menocal restored some semblance of order by knocking down several of the worst with the flat of his machete. Not one of the men making the assault had been hit, as the garrison of the blockhouse had not fired after they came in sight, and the enemy in the other forts could not see the attacking party until it reached the summit. The mob of men about the captured position now made a fine target, however, and from every blockhouse, the church, the barracks, and other points came a most terrific and well-sustained fire. There must have been some peculiar atmospheric or other condition that redoubled the sound, as these comparatively few rifles made for the time an almost unbroken roar, reminding us of the racket at La Machuca, where four thousand men were in action. The summit of the hill rapidly became too hot. Colonel Menocal screened some of his men in the trenches, and others behind the blockhouse, but sent about half of them down the hill, not, however, until several of them had been hit. Of course, something ridiculous had to happen. A chicken, which the late garrison had evidently hoped to add to their next bill of fare, escaped in the confusion, and ran cackling around the blockhouse half a dozen times, pursued by Pennie, who finally killed it by throwing his machete at it. As all the remaining Spanish works were on a lower level than ourselves, the fire from them was necessarily directed upward, with the result that thousands of bullets, clearing the hill, spattered over the country for nearly two miles to the north. An aged colonel of Gomez's staff, lying peacefully in his hammock a mile and a half from the nearest Spanish work, was shot through the



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body, but recovered, and several other casualties in the camps resulted from this fusillade. In the mean time a number of us had entered the blockhouse and were exploring it. The lower story was littered with broken timbers, and a barrel of drinking-water had been pierced at about its middle by a shell, but without destroying it or knocking it over. The remaining half barrel of water quenched many a thirst that day. In the upper story we found a number of boxes of hard biscuit and some other food, and after filling our pockets began pitching the balance out to the men, hugging the lee side of the building to escape the storm of bullets still sweeping the hill. A Spanish soldier, wounded by a shell, had fallen across one box of biscuits and had bled there so profusely that half of them were saturated, but it was no time to be fastidious, and we emptied the upper part of the box and threw the uninjured contents to the hungry men outside.

In the mean time several officers of General Garcia's staff had reached us, and called attention to the fact that the Spanish flag was still floating from the pole on the blockhouse. This would never do, and it must come down. But it could not be lowered, being nailed to the staff. One of these officers, Lieutenant Luis Rodolfo Miranda, said he would bring down the flag, and several of us went out and from the safe side of the structure watched the operation. With assistance Miranda reached the roof, and slowly and painfully began drawing himself up the pole, which was about eighteen feet high and four inches in diameter. Every Spaniard in Guaimaro could see him, and I believe to a man tried to bring the gallant fellow down. Bullets hissed and cracked all about, and beat a constant tattoo on the blockhouse. The pole above or below him was hit several times. For a few moments that seemed endless we looked on in an agony of suspense expecting every moment to see him come crashing down on the tile roof. We begged him to give it up and wait for night, but he kept on, reached the flag, cut it loose with his pocket-knife, slid down the pole with it, ran to the eaves and leaped to the ground, fifteen feet below. It would be difficult to imagine a feat of more reckless daring, and yet I have heard some of my own countrymen damn the whole Cuban people as a race of cowards.

We reentered the blockhouse, and Osgood and I were discussing the possibility of getting the gun into it under such a fire, when Devine spied a magnificent saddle horse tied to a long rope in a little swale about two hundred yards to our left front and about five hundred yards from two of the Spanish blockhouses. The horse, being out of the line of fire, had not been hit, but was prancing about, snorting with terror. "That horse would suit my style of beauty," remarked Devine, and before any one could stop him he had got out and started down the hill on a run. Once at the foot of the slope he was out of view of most of the Spaniards, but was in plain sight from three blockhouses, two of them quite close, and every man in them did his best to get them. He reached the rope, untied it, and tried to lead the animal, but the terrified beast declined to follow, and was soon brought down. Devine, having no use for a dead horse, started back up the hill. Osgood and I were breathlessly watching him for adjoining port-holes, when we saw him pitch forward into the grass. Osgood cried out, "My God, he is hit! I am going after him," and started down the ladder to the



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lower story, the only way to get out. I followed, with no very definite idea as to what I was going to do, but in my haste slipped on the top round of the ladder and fell into the lower story, taking Osgood with me. Both of us were well bruised but not disabled. Reaching the outside, we found that Janney was running down the hill, racing like mad. The enemy now concentrated their fire on him, as they had on Devine. Janney was a powerful man, and half carried and half dragged the wounded man up that slope under a fire that it would seem impossible a man could live through, it being especially severe after he had got half-way up, and was exposed to nearly all the Spanish positions. Several of us assisted him to lower Devine into the shelter of the trench. He was shot in the hip, a very severe wound from which he did not recover during the war, tho he returned to duty after a couple of months. In our service Janney's act would have brought him the Medal of Honor, or in the British army the Victoria Cross, but the Cubans had not yet reached the stage of distributing decorations for gallantry.

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THEOSOPHY and seal-piracy are a curious combination to be found in any man's life, but when we add to them the tamer vocations of sailor, car-repairer, composer, mill-hand, artist, watchman, and poet, we may be sure of a peculiar career. Such, according to the *San Francisco Call*, has been the varied fortune of Ross Buell, whose days are now spent in operating a chicken farm near Sevastopol. Strangely enough, the earliest adventures of Buell were the most exciting of his changeful experience. As a boy of fifteen, after a year's whaling—not the common land or woodshed variety, be it noted—he shipped before the mast on the schooner *Anastasia Cashman*. So thoroughly was this youth a sailor that he succeeded in finding a girl in one of the first ports entered, only to bid her a sailor's farewell. Seal skins were the prize, and feminine charms could not hold the ship to Kamchatka. Let him tell his own story:

From Kamchatka we sailed for Copper Island, which was Russian territory and the rookeries there had been chartered by the Alaska Commercial Company. On our first incursion to the islands we got 500 seals. We then sailed away to avoid detection, but when a thick fog came down we sailed back to the rookeries. . . .

Leaving the captain and cook aboard, the rest of us manned the boats and rowed in under the cliffs, which rose sheer 800 feet above our heads, rugged, menacing, but with the tops hidden in fog.

I was with a party that was led by "Dog Faced" Hansen, the second mate, a veteran of the Crimean War, a splendid sealer and sailor, but hard as the granite cliffs. On our first sally we killed 33 seals, and then, rounding a point into another cove, we found 1,000 seals on the beach and killed them. They were worth \$13 apiece. Every time we struck with a club we knew that there was \$13 coming to the ship if we could get the pelt safely on board.

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started to pull for the schooner. When 300 yards from the shore, I saw five puffs of smoke break from the top of the cliff, for the fog had suddenly lifted. A bullet hit the boat between Hansen and me. Soon they were whizzing around us like angry bees from an overturned hive. Our boat, the *Anastasia Cashman*, was lying 800 yards off shore, and toward her we pulled while the bullets hit around us.

The captain and cook shot back from the ship to the cliff. Later we learned that three Russians had been killed on that cliff at that time. But for a while there were fifteen Russians shooting at us from the top of the cliff. We made the schooner and went below, the bullets ripping into the rigging and piercing the woodwork. Eighty-seven struck the ship.

But first we covered the name of the vessel and the hailing-port with canvas.

After a while it became tiresome down there in the forecabin, with nothing to do but dodge the bullets that came through the ports. "We'll surrender, just like the devil," said the captain.

One of the men took a tablecloth and went on deck and waved it. The firing on the cliff ceased. The Russians then started to descend to their boats, so that they could capture us, confiscate our ship, and our seals; and it would be us for Siberia—yes?

But our captain had no such fate in store for us.

No sooner had the marksmen started to descend than we were manning the windlass, raising the anchor, and breaking out the rigging. The foresail and the jib were the only ones we could make, for the wires on most of the sails had been shot away. But we made it all right, and before a parting volley of shots we sailed for the southern point of Bering Island.

There we struck another pirate ship, with four Europeans and a crew of Japanese. But no sooner had we set about to start our work than the Alaska Commercial Company's steamship, the *St. Paul*, which was later wrecked off Cypress Point, Monterey, hove in view. You could not see us for canvas. Our sails had been repaired by this time, and we put up everything that could hold the wind. It was almost dark and the wind from the North Pole was blowing in fury.

Fortunately for us, we saw the *St. Paul* before it sighted us, altho it had been looking for us on account of the Copper Island adventure.

But we and the European set sail. The *St. Paul* was within four miles of us when darkness came down early in that Arctic afternoon. The sea became merged with the blackness of the sky, save where the teeth of the breaking waves gleamed ghoulishly out of the dark.

Far across the turbulent sea and through the mist we could see the lights of the *St. Paul*, and when the lights were hidden from view we could hear the strain of the engines which were hurrying the vessel toward us, and us toward Siberian prisons. But as soon as the darkness was so intense as to swallow us we put out every light and stripped every mast. With bare poles and dark decks we waited in the fury of the night, while the engines of the *St. Paul* drew nearer and nearer. By a chance the steamship passed us. We were safe again, to go unchanged for some little while, at least. We waited until the sound of the engines had died away in the darkness. Then we put up our sails, lighted a furtive gleam over the cabin, and put back.

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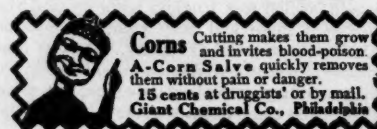
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PORTUGAL'S DREAMY PRESIDENT

A GARRULOUS old gentleman, full of impracticable ideas, who would advocate killing all the kings and clergy in Europe, but wouldn't harm a fly himself, is now President of Portugal, according to the description of a writer who interviewed Mr. Braga, and tells us about it in the New York Evening Post. Braga is really only a figurehead, says this informant, so "of course it does not matter in the least what he says." He has no more influence over the course of events, we are assured, than the weathercock on the Necessidades Palace. A pathetic figurehead, he is not even consulted by the Secret Society which now rules the country. Interviews with him are cut down and mutilated by the censor at the telegraph office, and his own subordinates do not pay the slightest respect to him in his own presence.

From the mild-mannered citizen of a monarchy to the presidency of the youngest republic seems a strange turn of fortune, but such is the position of Professor Braga, and as president he seems to have carried with him the characteristic absent-minded professor attitude. This correspondent remarks: "I am convinced that if his two secretaries were to suddenly stand on their heads on his writing-table and all the other patriots in the room were to simultaneously dance the cake-walk, he would pay no attention whatever to their proceedings, but would continue to elaborate whatever wild theory he happened at the moment to be engaged upon." Just how this might happen is described by this writer as follows:

The President's room in the Ministerio, looking out on the Praca do Commercio, is that of his predecessor, Senhor Teixeira de Sousa, premier, two weeks ago of His Majesty, King Manuel. It is an enormous hall, rather than a room, and at the end of it Dr. Theophilo Braga works on innumerable papers at a table covered with green baize, and also with books, directories, mountainous piles of documents, and one well-used (or ill-used, if you will) leather handbag, which looks as if somebody had sat on it, and which would on that account fetch in the open market less, perhaps, than its original price, or, say (roughly speaking) a dollar and a half. This handbag, which would lose an English bank clerk his job if he were seen in company with it on his way to business, belongs to the new President, who, on the score of republican simplicity, certainly leaves nothing to be desired. I admire him for it.

The President is a medium-sized man, of slight build, and between sixty and seventy years of age. The yellow face was very much wrinkled when this revolution started, and it is getting more and more wrinkled every day, owing to the fresh perplexities that each hour brings, owing to the strangeness of the position in which the alleged President finds himself. The soft brown Portuguese eyes, such eyes as, in an Indian or Chinese setting, I have often seen in Goa and Macao, express dreaminess, enthusiasm, good nature, but it is easy to see that they look out on a world of which they know



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nothing. They are the eyes of a gentle recluse, a devoted scholar, a tenth-rate poet, an absent-minded professor, an innocent old man who really should be pottering about, an unconscious pensioner of the state, or of some religious order in some royal library, or in the shaded garden of some wealthy Benedictine Abbey.

I never really understood the use of monastic congregations until I gazed on the face of this amiable old gentleman, and realized the necessity of delicately shielding such people from the rude blasts of a matter-of-fact world. In every possible way (save one) President Braga was designed for the monastic life—not, perhaps, for the Jesuits, who need brisker and more worldly men, but certainly for the learned Benedictines. He told me himself that he has no passions, that he despises money, that he lives on a little coffee in the morning, a cup of bouillon and some bread in the course of the day. This I firmly believe. The old gentleman is unworldly to an extraordinary degree.

The one thing which, in my opinion, would debar him from receiving the monastic habit and perhaps subsequent canonization, is his little anti-Christian hobby. On Christianity and monarchism he is not only unreasonable—he is maniacal. His books breathe fire against Christians and Kings. He seems to think that Christianity has blighted the world, has stunted the stature of man, has corrupted the virtue of woman, has blasted the peace of humanity. These wild views are set forth in all his addresses and conferences, but unfortunately these masterpieces of literature are only to be had in Portuguese. No foreign publisher has yet thought it worth while to have them translated, and, verily, the matter is so poor, the manner so inferior, that the venture would never pay. . . .

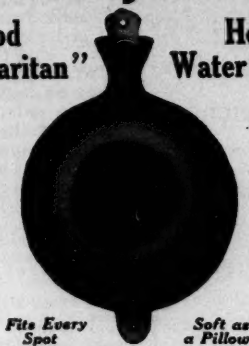
The President has, as his photographs show, a scanty mustache on his upper lip, balanced by a scanty patch of hair on the lower lip, both being of a color which may be described as a dark gray. The hair on his head is quite gray. It is plentiful, and it stands up in tangled masses several inches above the top of his head. Evidently the professor frequently moves his fingers through it. Perhaps he sometimes attempts, in his perplexity, to lift himself by the hair of his head. However that may be, his hair is certainly in a state of terrible confusion and entanglement. It reminds me of the fearful and wonderful heads of revolutionary hair I used to see in Russia.

Professor Braga has a black coat and baggy gray trousers. Beside him sits his secretary, a Moorish Jew, smoking a cigaret. Standing close by, with legs wide apart in the fiercely independent attitude of a man who is about to be put out of a public house, and who haughtily challenges the landlord to "come on," is a ferocious-looking one-eyed citizen smoking the very exiguous stump of a cigar, which is extremely strong, and was probably inexpensive. The one-eyed man is looking for his hat and umbrella (I had an umbrella stolen in the Presidential Presence myself) and he seems by his glance to accuse the President of having "swiped" them. On this subject I refrain from comment, but there certainly is, in a corner of the room, close to the President's elbow, a collection of three or four bulgy umbrellas and several hats, one of the hats being a countryman's broad-brimmed sombrero.

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and with his back turned toward the august chief of the State, is another secretary, who is discussing something in very loud tones with a number of Spanish anarchists and Portuguese "patriots." Excellent people in their way these revolutionary journalists may be, but for my own part I can not quite understand them. One of them looks very clerical with his clean-shaven face, black suit, and black straw hat, but even Prince Kropotkin would shudder at the views he holds. To his extreme disgust and despite his terrifying curses and blasphemies, he was mistaken yesterday for a monk and arrested. . . .

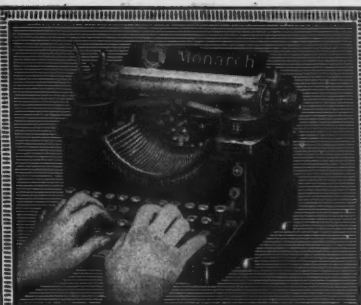
The President is talking to an Italian deputy, a republican with the fleshy voice of a man who has overeaten himself and is just able to articulate. As other people go to the seaside to recruit, as devout Catholics go to the shrines of saints, as aviators go to aviation meetings, so this deputy goes to every place where there are bombs, revolution, and trouble. I have met him in several hot corners before. He is the sort of man who will cheerfully lend his passport to people who are going to blow up the Czar, and bestow his benediction on hare-brained young men who want to plant a stiletto in the Pope. Nevertheless, he is only a bore, monotonous, good-natured, and not dangerous at all. He professes a ferocious political creed because otherwise people would pay no attention to him.

Standing in the center of the room are two fallow, anticlerical Portuguese journalists. They are watching the President as a cat might watch a mouse-hole, for they want to interview him. These men are "our own correspondents," our very own, our well-informed "specials," our "representatives on the spot who send to-day such a graphic and unbiased account of the clerical question and of the latest Jesuit intrigues."

One of them represents seventeen different papers—English, French, and German—and the other only eight. Beside me are seated a number of Russian journalists. *Encore* the same merry old gang of revolutionists and anarchists which we meet wherever Kings are to be blown up and thrones battered down! Among them is an avowed anarchist, with such loose ideas on the delicate subject of dynamite that even the first Duma refused in horror to admit him to the press gallery.

Finally our turn comes. We are introduced to the President. We speak to him, or, rather, we listen. We listen for hours and hours to a stream of babble covered by a driftwood of technical socialistic and pseudo-philosophic terms. After two solid hours the thing ceases to be a joke. It becomes a positive torture. Imagine having turned onto you an old German social-democrat arm-chair professor endowed with the philosophic minuteness and detail of the north, combined with the inexhaustible linguistic facility of the south! Imagine being waylaid by a savant who has committed to memory all the superannuated works of the French *philosophes* and scores of the other voluminous writers of the same school of thought, not to mention the contents of all the extreme republican newspapers and pamphlets that have appeared in Europe for the last fifty years. Imagine being waylaid by a gentleman who, having accomplished this feat, has (not unnaturally) gone "mad" and become afflicted by a garrulity that is extreme, overwhelming, superhuman.

I have a strong personal regard for the President and I know that he would be the



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first to recognize the truths of the above remarks if he ever had time to see them in print or to hear about them. Of course he never will have time. A man who talks uninterruptedly for twenty hours a day could not possibly have time. Besides, the old professor-President has now reached that stage when a man closes up, as it were, becomes introspective, gets absorbed in his own theories, and no longer pays any attention to what goes on in the outer world. He is certainly aware that the revolution has taken place and that he is President of the republic, but I am doubtful if he knows much beyond that. He pours forth his description of an ideal world which exists only in his own imagination, a world in which there are no priests, no religion, no funeral services, no baptisms, no prisons, no poor, no ambassadors, no soldiers, no policemen, no capitalists, no kings. Of the present, the actual, he seems to take little note. . . .

As to the drift of this nightmare interview I can only say that the President promises every reform that ever was dreamed of since the world began. He will abolish all the legations and replace the ministers by chargés d'affaires. He will, of course, abolish the legation to the Pope. He will bring to an end in the colonies the reign of the militarist and the official. He will have manhood suffrage, but is not yet quite certain whether or not he will give the vote to women this year. He says that the women of the country are still dazzled by the new light that has broken in on Portugal, probably meaning that the majority of them are clericalist and reactionary.

HOW MADAME BOUGUEREAU GOT HER START

IN the days shortly after the Civil War getting a start as an artist was quite a different thing for a woman than it is now. Madame Bouguereau, who entered on her career at that time, found it no easy matter, for she had set her heart on Paris, little dreaming that the artist world was not open to women, even if they came from far-away New Hampshire. At that time the great art center for students in Paris was the Gobelin Tapestry Manufactory, but no woman had ever applied for admission. Elizabeth Gardner, as her name was then, was not to be daunted, says Lida Rose McCabe in *Harper's Bazar*:

"I resolved," said Madame Bouguereau, recalling those tentative days, over the tea-cups in the garden of Villa Cambise, "to follow Rosa Bonheur's example in similar emergency. My hair was short, fever having clipt it before I quit America. I applied to the Paris police for permission to wear a boy's costume. This was readily granted. In that guise I was admitted to the Gobelin School, with the approval of the professor who was interested. I never suffered the slightest annoyance. The students were most courteous. I was never remarked in the streets of Paris and always changed my costume when I returned home. This subterfuge procured me the means of studying from life in the company of strong draftsmen, and to it I am indebted for whatever virility there may be in my drawing."

But before long M. Julien, inspired by the

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determination of Miss Gardner, opened a studio for women and now they divide the honors with the men. Not all Miss Gardner's work was art, however, for the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War gave her pen occupation, while masters and students were enlisting in the army.

The petticoats, that had impeded progress upon her first arrival on French soil, were now open sesame to an exciting and profitable experience. While fear of being conscripted into military service debarred the American newspaper correspondents in Paris from venturing near the fortifications or into the public highways, women might roam at large—a privilege which Miss Gardner's keen mind and trained eyes utilized. Everywhere she picked up vital "copy" for her compatriots of the pen, while Boston papers were enlivened by her own graphic accounts of the siege. With the departure of the Prussians, Paris resumed its art activity; and, discarding the pen, Elizabeth Gardner soon came into her own with the brush. Her studio in Rue Notre Dame des Champs was for years the Mecca of American travelers and art aspirants, drawn by the renown of her Salon achievements and pride in the uniqueness of her position in the French capital. To how many struggling students she was Lady Bountiful is her secret and theirs.

"My memory is not in better order than my old papers," said Madame Bouguereau, when asked about her first Salon picture. "The future seems to absorb me quite to the detriment of the past. . . ."

As nearly as I can remember my first Salon picture was in the exhibition of 1866, three years after my arrival in France. I sent two small canvases, nothing very tragic in subject. One was a canary-bird picking at grapes; the other, a young girl with bird and dog. Both paintings were accepted, to my great delight. They were well hung, but to my dismay were in the big room then called in derision 'The Omnibus.' However, I at once sold the 'Child and Dog' for a good price, most useful in my quite empty purse.

"The other I have kept myself as my first exhibition painting. I had seen Rosa Bonheur's first little picture kept by her family, and in this, as in donning boy's costume, I imitated her, for she was the deity I then worshiped in art, and whom I have never ceased to venerate. I realized that the animals in my composition were very inferior to Rosa Bonheur's, and I at once joined at the Jardin des Plantes the class for animal drawing from skeleton and plaster. This class was directed by the great Barye, many of whose bronzes are owned in America. I found the work in the class at the Jardin des Plantes rather tame, and, longing to study from living animals, I drew an outline from a fine African greyhound which belonged to me, and indicated the skeleton of the dog inside. Barye was so pleased with my enterprise that he ever after took a most paternal interest in my work."

With the possible exception of children, animals have appealed most strongly to Madame Bouguereau. In the case of her canvases "David the Shepherd," a lion in a traveling circus furnished the model.

"The lion was ill and asleep," said Madame Bouguereau, "when I asked permission of the circus proprietor to sketch it. Its position

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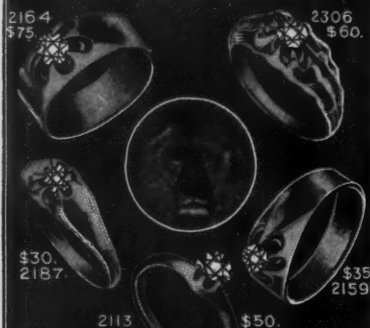
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References: First National and Island City National Banks, Key West; Dun and Bradstreet's.

was just what I wanted; but the proprietor, having himself no use for a lion not in action, was loath to understand. When I secured his reluctant permission I set to work; but before the study was completed, the lion inconsiderately died. Not to be outwitted, I bought the body and carted it home to my studio, where the picture was finished."

The story of the long romance of William Bouguereau is told thus by the writer in *Harper's Bazar*:

For more than thirty years their studio homes opened into the same court. M. Bouguereau was a widower with a son, a daughter, and a mother, to whom, after the manner of Frenchmen, he was obediently devoted.

"Will the Frenchman marry the American?" Latin Quarter and American Colony repeatedly asked, as the years rolled on.

"Never," said the Quarter; "his mother objects."

"Never," said the Colony, "while the New Englander remains a Protestant."

Meanwhile the old lovers held their peace, and when, in 1896, Madame Bouguereau died at the age of ninety-one they walked out and were married.

"The story of Madame Bouguereau's objection to her son's marriage on account of my religious belief is utterly false," said the painter. "She was a Protestant herself, of an old Huguenot family. Her daughter was baptized a Protestant. Her husband being a Roman Catholic, their only son, in accordance with the law imposed by the Church in mixt marriages, was brought up a Catholic. He was partly educated by an uncle, who was a distinguished priest. The latter did not forget to accompany his classical instruction with a good dose of theology; and the nephew, who loved him dearly, bore all his lifetime the impress of this early training. When death drew near, his faith was strong and beautiful to witness. But never did he use the slightest influence to convert me. For many years I was drawn to the Catholic Church, but postponed the step, fearing to pain my mother, who was a Presbyterian.

"M. Bouguereau's mother objected to our marriage because I was a painter. Two painters in a family she thought too much for domestic happiness, and so do I—now. It was because of my passion for painting that I refused to marry when I was younger and had yet to win position as an artist. When I was older, I saw the wisdom of his mother's objection; and when he was alone and needed me, I abandoned the brush. Voila!"

To Rome the old lovers went on a belated wedding journey. The groom was seventy-one, the bride fifty-five. It was half a century since Bouguereau had been to the Eternal City, having refused to return, fearful of finding changes and being robbed of the exquisite joy that filled his youthful imagination with such poetic visions. It was Elizabeth Gardner's first visit. The keys of the city were theirs; on every side they were fêted, the erstwhile New Hampshire girl being seated at the right of the French Ambassador at the state dinner given in Bouguereau's honor.

For ten years theirs was an ideal life in the master's beautiful studio home; with his passing Madame Bouguereau took up the brush, returning to the Salon with *L'Appel d'en Haut*—"The Call from on High"—the pathos of the subject—the departed master—and its poetic interpretation being acclaimed by the critics.

"Now that I am alone," she declares, "I find in my art my chief consolation."



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I wore some months gone by.
I've laid it on the topmost shelf
With many a weary sigh.
No longer are they wearing puffs,
And rats are quite *de trop*;
I can not wear the old hair—
Oh, what a cruel blow!

I can not wear the old hair,
For which good gold I paid.
Red hair is so expensive when
One gets the proper shade.
I felt so dreadful when it was coiffed,
All little puffs and curls;
But I can't wear the old hair,
Alas for Fashion's whirls!

I can not wear the old hair.
Four switches I must buy
And wind them round and round my head

As flat as they will lie.
My face is far too plump for this;
My nose is much too long:
But I can't wear the old hair,
It's altogether wrong.

—Lippincott's Magazine.

Striking Different People Differently.—
SERVANT—"Heavens, I have knocked the big flower-pot off the window ledge, and it struck a man on the head."

MISTRESS—"What! My beautiful majolica?"—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

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"Oh, they said so, did they?"

"Yes, sir; that's why I came."

"And are you going back the same way?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, in that case, will you be good enough to contradict this rumor?"—*California Christian Advocate*.

A Pittsburg Observation.—"What shall we say of Senator Smugg?"

"Just say he was always faithful to his trust."

"And shall we mention the name of the trust?"—*Pittsburg Observer*.

She Knew.—MISTRESS—"Nora, I saw a policeman in the park to-day kiss a baby. I hope you will remember my objection to such things."

NORA—"Sure, ma'am, no policeman would ever think iv kessin' yer baby whin I'm around."—*Louisville Post*.

It Was This Way.—"I suppose the father gave the bride away."

"Not exactly. He gave a million away, and threw her in."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

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Send me \$2.40 for 100 Morton R. Edwin Panatelas. Add 25c for expressage. At this price I cannot afford to pay it—you can. Smoke as many as you like—smoke them all if you want to, and if you then tell me that you didn't receive more than you expected, I'll return your money and we'll remain friends.

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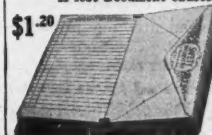
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CURRENT EVENTS**Foreign**

November 18.—A large deputation of suffragettes, headed by Mrs. Pankhurst, reopen hostilities against the British Parliament. In the riot which ensues 116 are arrested and later released on bail. The deputation sought Mr. Asquith to demand the introduction of a suffrage bill at the present session of Parliament.

In a clash between Mexican troops and rebels in Puebla many are reported killed and wounded.

November 19.—The 116 suffragettes who were arrested in London in their attempt to force an audience with Premier Asquith are discharged.

Count Leo Tolstoy dies at Astapova, Russia.
Prince Henry of Prussia, qualifies as an aerial pilot and receives a diploma from the German Air Navigation Association.

A severe earthquake is felt at Martinique.

November 21.—Emperor William, in addressing the naval cadets at Muerwick, Prussia, advises them to become total abstainers from alcohol.

November 22.—The British Premier Mr. Asquith and Augustine Birrell, Chief Secretary for Ireland, are assaulted by suffragettes in London. Mobs of women stone the houses of other members of the government.

November 24.—Order is reported restored throughout Mexico.

The crews of the Brazilian warships *Sao Paulo* and *Minas Geraes*, after mutinying and murdering four officers, offer to surrender and the Senate at Rio Janeiro vote to grant amnesty to them.

Domestic

November 18.—Colonel Roosevelt visits Washington and addresses the National Geographic Society.

November 20.—Governor-elect Foss, of Massachusetts, issues a statement demanding the withdrawal of Senator Lodge as a candidate for reelection.

November 21.—The Interstate Commerce Commission hears protests from shippers against the proposed advances in railway freight rates.

The Postmaster-General directs raids against three alleged "get-rich-quick" companies.

November 22.—President Taft's Panama cruise comes to an end at Fort Monroe, Va.

November 23.—J. Armstrong Drexel sets a new mark for altitude by reaching a height of 9,970 feet in an aeroplane at Philadelphia.
Octave Chanute, known as "the father of the aeroplane," dies at his home in Chicago.
Theodore N. Vail succeeds Robert C. Clowry as head of Western Union Telegraph Co.

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Ohio	4,767,121	4,157,545	14.7

Fair Proposition.—A genial-looking gentleman wanted an empty bottle in which to mix a solution, and went to a chemist's to purchase one. Selecting one that answered his purpose, he asked the shopman how much it would cost. "Well," was the reply, "if you want the empty bottle it will be a penny but if you want anything in it you can have it for nothing." "Well, that's fair," said the customer; "put in a cork."—Argonaut.

Commercial Candor.—"The years come and go, but our watches do not go."—Advt. of a Bombay Firm.—Punch.

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the correct use of words, the Funk & Wagnall Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

"J. M. C., Cincinnati, O.—"Kindly state which of the following constructions is correct: 'Visitors will be given every opportunity of examining the premiums,' or, 'Visitors will be given every opportunity to examine the premiums?'"

Both constructions are correct. Greene's "English Grammar" states that "the participle is often equivalent to the infinitive," and in this instance either the participle or the infinitive may be used.

"S. M. K., Baltimore, Md.—"In the writing of the word 'returned,' if it should be found necessary to divide it at the end of a line, is it not better to separate the syllables *re-turned*, than *return* on one line and *ed* on the following line?"

The division of syllables first mentioned is not only preferable, but is the only correct way in which this word can be divided. According to the ruling that "a syllable is one or more letters pronounced in one sound," *turned* is a single syllable, and, as such, should not be divided.

"J. E. N., Chicago, Ill.—"Is the plural verb 'are' permissible in the following sentence: 'In order to ascertain just the kind of service the railroad company are giving us, we would be pleased to have you advise us the exact time of arrival of this material.'"

The plural form of the verb is incorrect in this sentence. The rule governing this point in grammar states that "a collective noun conveying the idea of unity requires a verb in the third person, singular."

"E. R. T., Washington, D. C.—"Please state whether the construction of the following sentence is correct: 'The officer requested that he be granted a furlough.'"

According to the rules of grammar that govern the passive construction, this sentence is not correct. The agent or doer of the action, and the direct and indirect objects must occupy their correct relative positions. A verb in the active voice is preceded by the agent and followed by the indirect object and the direct object, in order; thus: "The officer requested that (the authorities) grant him a furlough." A correct transition of this sentence to the passive construction would be as follows: "The officer requested that a furlough be granted to him (by the authorities)."

"J. C. R. S., Denver, Colo.—"Is the expression, 'Pardon us the delay,' ungrammatical in its construction?"

There is no criticism to be made of this sentence, as the introduction of an indirect object in this construction is permissible.

Lucky Profession.—"So," said the good man, "you intend to be a doctor when you grow up."

"Yep," Tommy replied.

"And why have you decided upon the medical profession?"

"Well, a doctor seems to be the only man that keeps right on gettin' paid whether his work is satisfactory or not."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.



